

HIKING  
IN  
HENRYS

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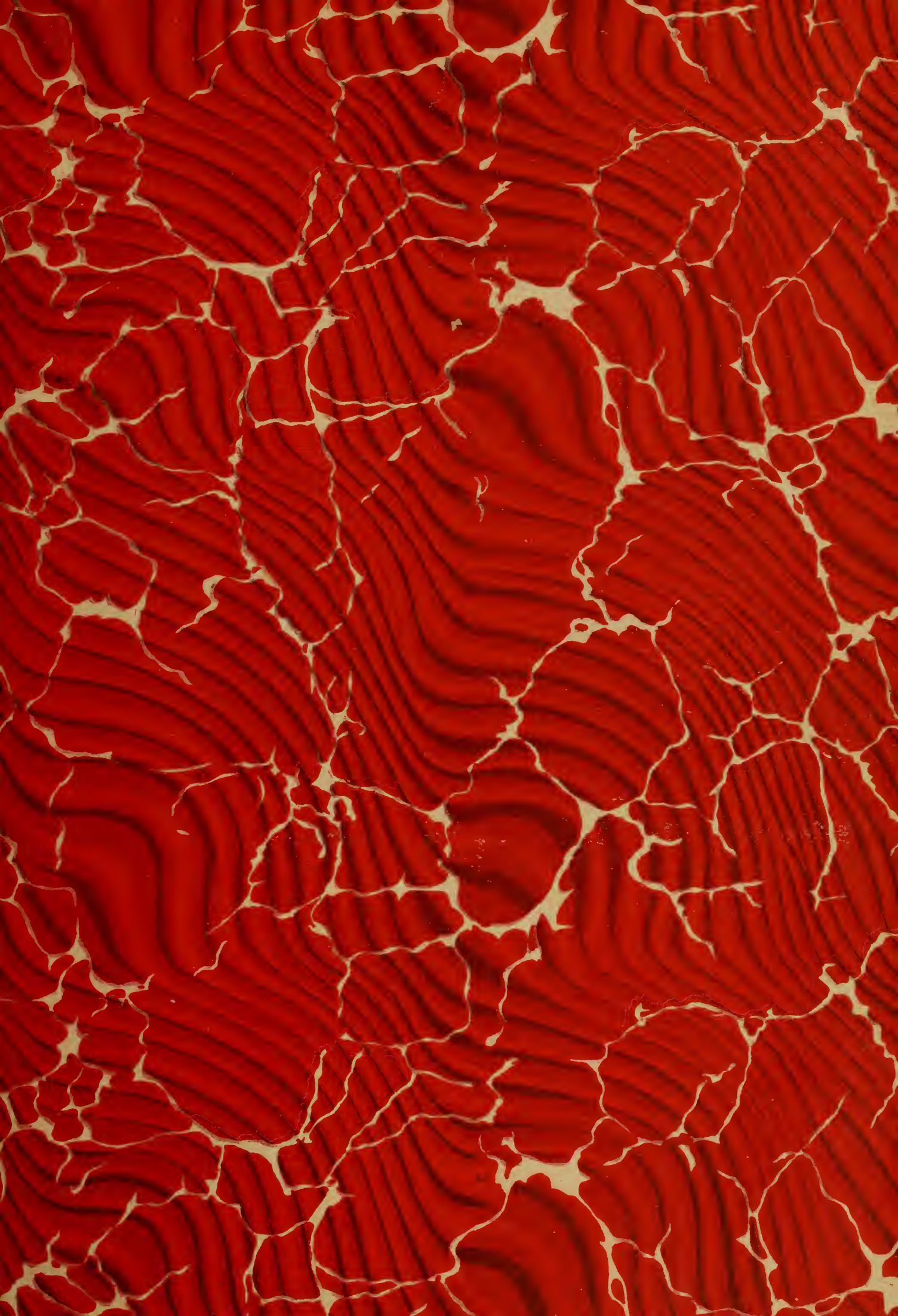
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## YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK

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# HIKING IN HENRYS





TO  
FOUR GOOD SCOUTS

This amplified diary of one of the greatest experiences I may ever hope to enjoy, is affectionately dedicated. They were true comrades and to "hike" with them was a never-to-be-forgotten privilege, a perpetual pleasure, which will furnish me through life many delightful recollections. May this little story be to them a source of enjoyment, now, and in after years.

"THE SCRIBE"

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# HIKING IN HENRYS

—OR—

Warrensburg to Salt Lake City via Yellowstone National Park.

(Being a true and faithful account of the trip taken by Harry T. Clark, Marion Christopher, Leslie W. Hout, Dr. H. F. Parker and Wallace Crossley, Scribe.)

It was Dean Swift who wrote, "I always love to begin a journey on Sunday, because I shall have the prayers of the church to preserve all that travel by land or by water," and surely the journey upon which we set forth that Sunday morning, August 15, was destined to be both by land and water, since for eight days we encountered not rains alone, but flooded areas and swollen streams, in which our mud-jacketed Fords took many a deep and cooling plunge, while our clothing and camp equipment with each succeeding day grew soggy from oft successive soakings.

Let it not be understood that the pleasure of those first days was marred in the slightest degree by the mud and water which lay over and under and on either side of the road. We were like boys on a holiday bent, and nothing dampened our ardor. We had no fixed schedule, no appointments to meet, no engagements to keep, were clad in harmony with the exigencies of any occasion—barring those of a social nature—and, having spent our lives in Missouri, were accustomed to muddy roads, hence we adopted the classic slogan, "Ish ka worry," when the mud-holes rose up and slapped us in the radiators. But more of this in detail later, since it is now my intention to begin at the beginning, and from the brief notes made along the way from day to day, the scribe will construct a plain, unvarnished story of how we "hiked in Henrys" eighteen hundred miles, a truthful narrative of the common and uncommon events of the trip, not under the delusion that it will be of particular interest to the general public, but certain that the families of his fellow-travelers, and, perhaps, his four comrades will appreciate, in later years, if not today, the simple story of our five weeks' outing, pronounced by all to have been a holiday par excellence, an experience memorable in happy incidents, continued pleasure and good-fellowship. The amplified diary is now presented without further apology:

## Sunday, August 15

At 8 o'clock this morning, the hour set for our departure, our loved ones and numerous friends assembled at the Estes garage to bid God-speed, and scores of curious, interested on-lookers viewed our preparations for departure. The Fords, equipped for the journey, attracted considerable attention. In the touring car were Marion Christopher, Leslie Hout and Harry Clark, the latter reposing luxuriously along be-

side the bed-clothing, suitcases, etc., which filled the tonneau. That satisfied smile of Clark's never came off but once during the entire trip, as will appear later. With Dr. Parker in his roadster, which carried the commissary caboose made especially for the journey, rode the scribe. On either side of each car the running boards were laden with suitcases and camp equipment, the outfit presenting a natty appearance, in keeping with the nice, fresh khaki suits, tan leggins and shining faces of the expectant explorers into the great Northwest, with Yellowstone Park as the objective.

Several cars trailed after the hiking Henrys as far as Centerview, where occurred the final good-by, a few cheers and several tears. The roads were heavy from an early morning rain, but before we reached Holden the mud had disappeared.

The familiar face of Wm. McClain peered from the window of his famous eating house as we stopped to adjust the baggage, and several Holden friends waved farewell as we passed through. At Kingsville we paused for a momentary chat with that prince of good fellows, Ruff Wilson, and then, with the touring car well in the lead, we headed north. Near the mill north of Kingsville, while surveying the scenery through a pair of bum field-glasses, the writer discerned a dingy brown object in the road about fifteen feet in front of the car. It was a small hand-satchel of ante-bellum appearance, and we suspected it of belonging to a Black Hand, so handled it gingerly. Within was a stout cord that looked like a fusee, a butcher knife and a razor; all the contents could have been carried in an upper vest pocket. We placed our find in the car and proceeded, finally overtaking the others near Lone Jack. They were turning everything topsy-turvy and said they had lost a grip. "What was in it?" we asked the most tearful member of the trio. "Oh, a world of stuff, perhaps twenty-five dollars' worth, including a five-dollar sweater," he replied, "but it's gone, I guess." Later in the day one of the trio spied the satchel and claimed it, which occasioned some noisy smiles from the rest of us. The lost sweater was found later in a suitcase, where a careful wife had placed it.

We lunched by the roadside near Leeds and then swept through the boulevards of Kansas City, stopping for a few minutes on Twelfth street opposite the new Muehlebach to supply life-giving oxygen to a disheartened tire. A large crowd soon collected and we answered many questions, but it is hoped these replies are not recorded against us. Here we saw Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Jordan emerging from the Muehlebach with every indication of having enjoyed a good Sunday dinner, and they were the last Warrensburgers we encountered. On over the inter-city viaduct we rumbled and soon were beyond the confines of Kansas City, Kas., on the Leavenworth road and into that very interesting city, past Lansing and the penitentiary and the soldier's home.

Going was bad for nearly three hours, and that twenty-seven miles to Atchison after we left the great federal prison was one of the most wretched roads we encountered. It was rough until we were near the limits of Atchison, where we arrived about 5:30 p. m., 135 miles from home. We had had quite a bit of tire trouble during the first day, and Clark and myself had already learned that we were accompanied by three efficient mechanics, to whom a puncture or a blow-out was a





FUN AT HOUT'S EXPENSE





mere trifle. At Atchison we secured gasoline, sent cards home, and struck out for Hiawatha, Kas., stopping on the road for a cold supper and regaling ourselves with the dainties provided by thoughtful friends. The roads grew better and wider and we learned at Everts that we were traversing Brown county, richest of all Jayhawker counties. Hiawatha, brilliantly lighted, looked like a town of ten thousand, but it has perhaps a fourth that population. It is a characteristic Kansas Community, a wide-awake, progressive, not-afraid-of-taxes town. Here we lay our tired bodies to rest, about 175 miles from home.

### Monday, August 16

Christopher was up bright and early. He wrote to his wife before the others were up and again after breakfast. Before retiring he had talked to her over the 'phone, and it began to dawn on his companions that Jack was overdoing it a little, for we knew we couldn't keep up that gait and feared his lavish attentions would make trouble for us all. He promised to write only once a day and we resumed our journey.

This was the day of the great flood. The morning hours passed pleasantly and by 10 o'clock we were in Nebraska. I remember distinctly hearing Clark call out, "Willie Willie Wee!" as we crossed the state line. Falls City appealed to us as a good town, but we never paused in our flight until we reached Verdon. Were I to state that Mayor Blatz and a party of prominent citizens met us at the city gates and tendered us a truly royal welcome, the gentle reader might accuse me of exaggeration, but memories of Verdon will always bring pleasure to the Missourians who enjoyed its hospitality that morning August 15, before the deluge. At Stella the storm broke, the rain descended and the floods came. Up hill we persevered and down hill we slid. At one time both cars were partly submerged in ditches, one to the east, one to the west of the road. By main strength they were placed back in the mud, and we mosed on. Later the touring car grew so hot she refused to budge and we went back a mile to get her started at the end of a rope. By this time a threshing machine engine had gone through a bridge directly in our path and we drove back three miles out of the way to find another road. We wanted to get to Howe. How we wanted to get there! How disappointing, when we did arrive, was Howe. Howe is a counterpart of Shanghai, Johnson county, Missouri, so we kept right on by, through the rain, toward Auburn, twelve miles north. We had heard that Auburn was the loveliest village of the plain, but that didn't make any difference, just so we arrived. The roadster, later known as Betsey, was away ahead of Liz, her mother by adoption and we thought the others had taken shelter somewhere, so we decided to try for the town. The road was a river, and at one time Dr. Parker, blinded by the rain, endeavored to follow the river off through a barbed wire fence, but the eagle eye of ye scribe saw the fence first, so we kept right on between the fences. This was just the second day out, but I felt that I had been away from home a year and seven months. Finally we got into the hoop-skirts of the town and, as luck would have it, turned into a street which ran at right angle with what was evidently an old drainage ditch. We turned the angle and the little Ford was drowned out, so there we sat, in more than two feet of water, for more

than an hour. In this plight, when it stopped pouring and was merely raining, Liz and her crew overtook us. They had stopped in the storm and, with curtains closed, had eaten a lunch, supposing we were safe in the garage at Auburn. Besty was pulled in and the five voyagers, smiling, soaked and bedraggled, took turns at the hose, washing the mud from one another.

Oh you khaki suits! That night you hung on a line around the hotel kitchen range, while your owners, in damp, cold clothing, visited a picture show and talked of the day's doings. It was a three-inch rain at Auburn that afternoon, and all my white collars turned red, because they were in a red leather case. It was at Auburn that Parker bought the 5-cent socks, and it was here that somebody from Warrensburg, in search of dry underwear, caused a frightened female to run shrieking down the stairs. But he wasn't responsible for the rain, was he, so why should all the hotel folks have laughed when he went in to supper that evening? And thus ended the second day, with fifty miles traveled.

#### **Tuesday, August 17.**

The small creek directly north of Auburn which we had seen last night nearly two miles wide had resumed its accustomed quietude as we went across the bridge through the sandy lowlands, and with chains all around we made fair progress, getting into heavier roads as we approached Nebraska City, where we stopped for lunch. We met some friends here, and were regaled with interesting stories concerning Major Frank Stoddard, of Lowville, N. Y., who, with Mrs. Stoddard, had visited this little city last winter.

About 2 o'clock we proceeded northward, forsaking the Blue Book route upon the advice of Mr. Harry Wilson, a Nebraska City banker, who extended many courtesies, and reached the town of Union, on the Trans-Continental highway, forty odd miles due east of Lincoln. At Union they told us we could proceed no farther, because the creek a mile west was running wild on both sides the bridge, and two cars had just turned back. Nothing daunted by this news, we found a farmer in a spring wagon who had crossed the flooded area a half-hour before and was just starting for home, so we followed him out of town. A hesitation waltz would have been in order when we came to the stretch of water two hundred yards from the bridge, with more water beyond. Finally the farmer drove into the flood, with Clark and Christopher as passengers, their legs dangling from the wagon bed behind, making funny little swirls in the water. Betsey followed at a respectful distance and after we reached the bridge safely, Leslie Hout alone, in the touring car, his companions having forsaken him when danger threatened, set sail as we shouted Westward, Ho! Christopher waded back along the main channel to guide the nervous pilot, but Hout could never recall this incident of his hazardous passage. Finally we were all safely across and but for a partial soaking of our spare apparel, no harm was done. On and on, up hill and down, we hiked toward Colonel Bryan's town, and on the way saw many evidences of agricultural prosperity, great wheat fields and good houses, but only a few small herds of cattle, much to our surprise. At 6 o'clock we arrived at the new Lincoln Hotel, which looked good to us and, as there was no apparent inclination to



HOUT'S COMPANIONS FORSAKE HIM



"Finally the farmer drove into the flood, with Clark and Christopher as passengers, their legs dangling from the wagon bed behind, making funny little swirls in the water."



throw us out, as we had expected, we dined in the cafe, the observed of all observers, because of our rough garb. That evening we retired early, after viewing the bright lights at Electric Park, and we were about seventy-five miles from where we had dried our clothes the night before.

### **Wednesday, August 18.**

At about 9 o'clock we left Lincoln, still due west for sixteen miles on the same line we had traveled on the previous afternoon. It had rained hard during the night and was sprinkling as we drove out of the city. We had gone two miles when we saw the touring car turn back. Hout's little grip had been left behind, but it was again recovered, and we plowed through the mud until noon, when we tarried on the wet grass long enough to finish Dr. Parker's cold boiled ham and partake of the delicious cookies bountifully supplied by Mrs. Leslie Hout. Cake presented by Mrs. J. T. Cheatham and Mrs. W. E. Hersberger was still preserved in small quantities, and a few of the many edibles provided by Mrs. Marion Christopher yet remained. We drove on through Exeter and Fairmount, arriving at Hastings, fourth largest city in Nebraska, between 5 and 6 o'clock. Here we got supper, refilled the gasoline tanks, took on water and proceeded to Minden, getting lost for about a half-hour en route. Finally we saw the lights on the Minden court house, and about 9 o'clock shook the mud from the wheels of our Fords and drove into a garage. We had made about a hundred forty-five miles on bad roads, and were ready for bed, but upon the urgent invitation of Dr. Abbott, brother of Prof. Frederick Abbott, a former member of the Warrensburg Normal faculty, now of San Antonio, Tex., we made a late evening call at the splendid—I might almost add, wonderful—home of Minden's foremost physician.

Dr. Abbott was entertaining a few friends and after regaling us with some selections on his orchestrelle he spared his other guests the pain of longer viewing us in mud-bespattered overalls, and showed us through his remarkable residence, where nothing lacks in comfort, convenience and luxury. This home was indeed a revelation to us all. It smacked of Orientalism and science, surgery and the Arabian Nights, with inviting bed rooms, luxurious porches, sun-parlors and a veritable Italian garden, while the garage, with its Irish fireplace and movable partitions, was transformed into a fairy ball-room before our very eyes. Then we sat down to a late supper and enjoyed an hour's talk with Dr. Abbott, whose name should be Aladdin, and whose fame in that locality bears witness to his skill.

### **Thursday and Friday, August 19 and 20.**

At Holdredge, twenty-five miles from Minden, we bought tires, gasoline and oil, exchanged greetings with two other touring parties and had proceeded a few miles when a blow-out caused a temporary halt. Here it was that the compass presented me by Orl Stillwell was found to be fully twenty degrees out of order, owing to a magnetized knife-blade which Harry Clark, formerly of Alaska, had placed in the dirt nearby. Try this compass trick some time. It works, and worries. All day we drove through the Republican River valley—they changed the name after the last election to Salt river—and in a town of the classic appellation, Oxford, we bought five poor, sloppy meals, one apiece. We



were sorry not to have stopped at Harvard, a few miles back, but, as Cambridge lay in our path during the afternoon, we felt that, regardless of bad roads and poor food, we were securing real university training. An hour later we were rudely shaken from our high-browed contemplation by the sight of the longest mud-hole I ever hope to gaze upon, and two minutes later we were floundering about mid-way. Two cars came up on the other side, gave one quick look, gasped and fled. We resorted to mud-hooks and Missouri brawn, and shortly emerged, but not until the next day did we dig from our eyes the last of the mud cement, vigorously thrown into our faces from the rapidly revolving wheels with their mud-hook mountings.

This afternoon we reached McCook, still following the white pole markings of the Omaha-Lincoln-Denver route, which we had taken in preference to the much-advertised Lincoln highway, a veritable waterway through Nebraska, and a source of rich financial returns to those with teams along the route. We were told that near Grand Island, on the Lincoln highway, one enterprising farmer had placed a sign at either end of a mud-hole: "\$1.50 to pull you through, \$2.50 to pull you out." Even an automobile tourist likes to save a dollar upon occasion, so not many risked being "pulled out" and took the little end of the proposition. At McCook we turned our watches back to mountain time and after lingering an hour to make up for what we had lost, and send messages home, we headed west through the cactus bushes and prairie dog towns, out over the sand hills through an unattractive region, bringing up for the night at Wauneta Falls, with a hundred forty-eight miles to our credit for the day.

"Can you keep this rough looking bunch over night?" one of the party asked Landlord Ryan at his little hotel. "Begad I can, but you look like the tail end of the James gang to me," said the bluff son of Erin. We told him he was right, geographically speaking, and then went across to a restaurant for late supper. I remember distinctly beating five steaks, because the cook was busy with a baseball bunch, and I know the place was directly across from the so-called hotel, because at four o'clock next morning a citizen attempted to rouse the restaurant man. "What do you want?" drowsed the sleepy chef. "I want a piece of pie!" yelled the early riser. Then bedlam broke loose. The whole town got up and thirty autos crowded the street, honking and cut-outing. It was a "booster trip," and they started early, but not until our landlord had ransacked every corner of the hotel for his shirt. He finally carried it away in triumph from his daughter's room, and soon the town was deserted, save for the explorers, a garage attendant, two tramps and a dead badger. A few hours later we found the badger's carcass tied to Betsey as we swung over a hill on the road to Holyoke, Colo. We followed a sunflower trail with now and then a white banded post to guide us, and the sand hills finally sloped toward a pleasing stretch of country, until by the time we reached the Horned Toad ranch, with its great herd of cattle, we were passing between fences again, in a real road. At noon we drove into Holyoke, Colo. From there it was thirty miles north to Julesburg, which we reached in the middle of the afternoon, and were glad to arrive, for there we met friends and received our first mail from home. The last two days had put us two hundred forty miles nearer Yellowstone Park.

Saturday, August 21.

That was a fine ride yesterday afternoon from Holyoke to Julesburg. We struck out through the prairie and soon reached the hills. Here and there were sod houses, and at times the trail was obscure, but as we reached the breaks of the Platte river, on which Julesburg is located, and from the high table-lands rolled down toward the fertile valley, in view of the thriving little city, with its great grain elevators and other nice buildings, we all exclaimed and praised the pleasing panorama thus spread before us.

Jas. H. Parker, jr., treasurer of Sedgwick county, who has a nice home in Julesburg and raises cattle on an extensive scale at the Parker ranch a few miles distant, gave us a warm welcome, and in his office we read our letters from home. We then repaired to the Brown hotel and donned our "other" clothes. It was here that Clark was guilty of rank extravagance. The landlord showed him through the hotel first and explained that "any of these rooms will cost you fifty cents a night, American plan, but if you care to look at the bridal chamber, which is twenty-five cents extra, I shall be glad to show it to you," and led the way to No. 24, slightly larger than the other rooms. "Behold!" said mine host, swinging wide the door, and Clark fell for the extra two bits. He said his sleep was sweet and refreshing. In the morning we were informed that from Salt Lake to Omaha, even as far east as Chicago, had come telegrams asking that No. 24 be reserved for cooing pairs on tour. So, if any young couple contemplates a stop in Julesburg, they should wire Mr. Brown in advance to hold No. 24.

We met many of Julesburg's leading business men and found them to be a wide-awake, sociable bunch of fellows, with one exception. This was a jeweler of whom I inquired, "Have you Ingersoll watches?" "Not guilty!" he snorted. "Wouldn't have one in my store." To which I meekly rejoined that many found the cheaper watches a great convenience, whereupon Hout put in his oar and nearly upset the boat. "Why, yes," said Leslie, "I have a good watch at home, but I like to carry an Ingersoll when I travel like this, and I thought, of course, all jewelry stores would have them. "See here," said the irate jeweler, "I have been in this business thirty years and, by G—d, I don't need you to tell me how to run my business." "Oh, I wasn't meaning to do so," replied Hout quietly, and we sidled out. A few minutes later we saw Harry Clark, and I asked him to go down the street and get me an Ingersoll, because I had another engagement and feared the store would close. He immediately set forth and we began to wonder how we would break the sad news to his family, for we expected a fight, and knew Clark was short-winded. We hovered near, however, to pick up the pieces as fast as they struck the sidewalk, but, to our surprise, when we peeped in Clark was conversing in his usual amiable manner. He has never told us how he "got by" on the Ingersoll question, but the jeweler confided to Clark that he had not told a lie for thirty years, the last being to J. E. Shutt, of this city, when they both resided in Butler. It was something about a clock, and long before the day of Ingersoll watches.

We met a number of former Missourians and, as we left town, stoppped a few minutes at the pretty home of Mr. and Mrs. ——— Parker, the latter known to Warrensburg folks as Mrs. Dean Redford.



At one time, when Julesburg was the terminus of the Union Pacific, it was known as the roughest town in the West, and long before, it was an important point on the overland trail, the surrounding territory being the haunt of outlaws; but now it is an attractive town of 1,500, center of a rich grain and sugar beet industry, with a system of irrigation second to none.

We took the north branch of the Lincoln highway towards Cheyenne, Wyo., out through fine farm lands, over good roads, bearing upward from Julesburg's 3,500 feet elevation into the western part of Nebraska, which overhangs Colorado here, through the great sugar town of Sidney, past the raw looking village of Pine Bluff to Archer station, ten miles from Cheyenne, where our three companions, Hout, Christopher and Clark, committed the unpardonable sin of taking another road, thus violating an iron-clad rule about keeping together, and causing much inconvenience to the two who rode in Betsey. It was a beautiful ride into Cheyenne and we were eager to reach the famous old frontier city before dark, but just as we drove up the street toward the Plains Hotel we discovered that the wheat-sack in which our small grips were carried had become loosed from its moorings on the running board and was nowhere to be seen. There was nothing to do but retrace our tired footsteps, and back we went out over the sage-brush trail. In the gloaming, eight miles out we finally came upon our treasured haversacks, lying on a hillside about ten feet from the trail, and when we reached Cheyenne the second time that evening there was a pleasant interchange of criticism, among the explorers, for, had the other car followed, as it should have done, it would have picked up our lost articles, even as we had recovered that little brown bag the first day out. After one minute, however, we were all good friends again, and at the end of a satisfying supper we looked out on the bright lights and lively Saturday night crowd of Wyoming's capital city, with its fine public buildings, its invigorating atmosphere, its historic associations, with memories of wild life, frontier days and its present importance as the center of a big sheep and cattle industry. Cheyenne is 6,100 feet above sea level and 145 miles from Julesburg, so we felt we were at last getting into the mountains of the Northwest.

Some may wonder why we had not been camping out, since we had talked so much about this feature of the trip before starting and were well equipped for roughing it. It will be recalled, first, that the weather was not suited to al fresco living and that bad roads had prevented us from covering the distances we had intended, so that we did some traveling after dark, and felt we had no time for striking camp, which, to be successful, must be done always before nightfall. When we reached Cheyenne the seventh day out we were about two days behind our tentative schedule. We could have gone into camp that evening before we reached the city, but who wants to hear the coyotes howl when he can mingle with his fellow-creatures on a Saturday night in a city famous the world over, where even Teddy the Strenuous One found excitement ample for his red-blooded, thrill-loving disposition?

After all, however, Cheyenne was comparatively tame, and the beautiful Plains Hotel, with its soft beds, made such strong appeal that we retired early, only the scribe remaining in the barber shop until a



late hour, under the heroic treatment of one who knew how to reduce a blistered face and soothe its pains, while at the same time reducing the pocketbook in proportion. The day's drive in the sun, with the top thrown back, had caused my countenance to bloom like a peony, all to satisfy the whim of a doctor who thought the sunshine would help his stomachache. Never again!

At Cheyenne paper money disappeared almost entirely and all change appeared in silver, but even the silver began to look good before the hike was ended. They speak in "bits" out west. It was in Wyoming, the "Equality State," that we first paid "two bits" for a shave. The gasoline market was also looking up and "two bits" a gallon was the Cheyenne tariff.

The only wonder, however, is that some of these cities are so prosperous in appearance. Here is Shy Ann set down, or up, in the midst of the elevated plains, with the great ranch-houses in her trade territory few and far between, a town of fifteen thousand, perhaps, and everybody happy. But how do they all live and where does the money come from? We Missourians asked this question, and the answer was: "Sheep, cattle, tourists and one another."

Uncle Sam has been particularly kind to Shy Ann, and whatever may be said as to her shyness or one-time wild propensities, she has a strong pull with the old man, because one of the largest military posts in the United States was located here several years ago, and about \$7,000,000 was expended in buildings and improvements, according to Blue Book figures. The military headquarters form a good sized town with a commanding general and staff, a regiment each of artillery, cavalry and infantry, two companies of signal corps, one company of engineers and a hospital corps. The fort is practically deserted now because all the soldiers are along the Mexican border, but the United States Senator who reached into the pork barrel and grabbed this big piece of bacon for his own home town, not only provided meat but bread and butter for all time to come, and contributed materially to the permanent prosperity of Cheyenne.

#### **Sunday, August 22.**

The morning was fair and we lingered long in Cheyenne, but finally concluded it would be best to hit the trail. Just before starting we encountered Howard Bailey of St. Louis, who has perhaps handled more mules through his East St. Louis firm, the Maxwell-Crouch Company, than any man in America, and is known throughout the country as a thorough gentleman at all times, of high social and business attainments. "You have the best looking outfit I have seen" was his comment and the by-standers all agreed with Mr. Bailey.

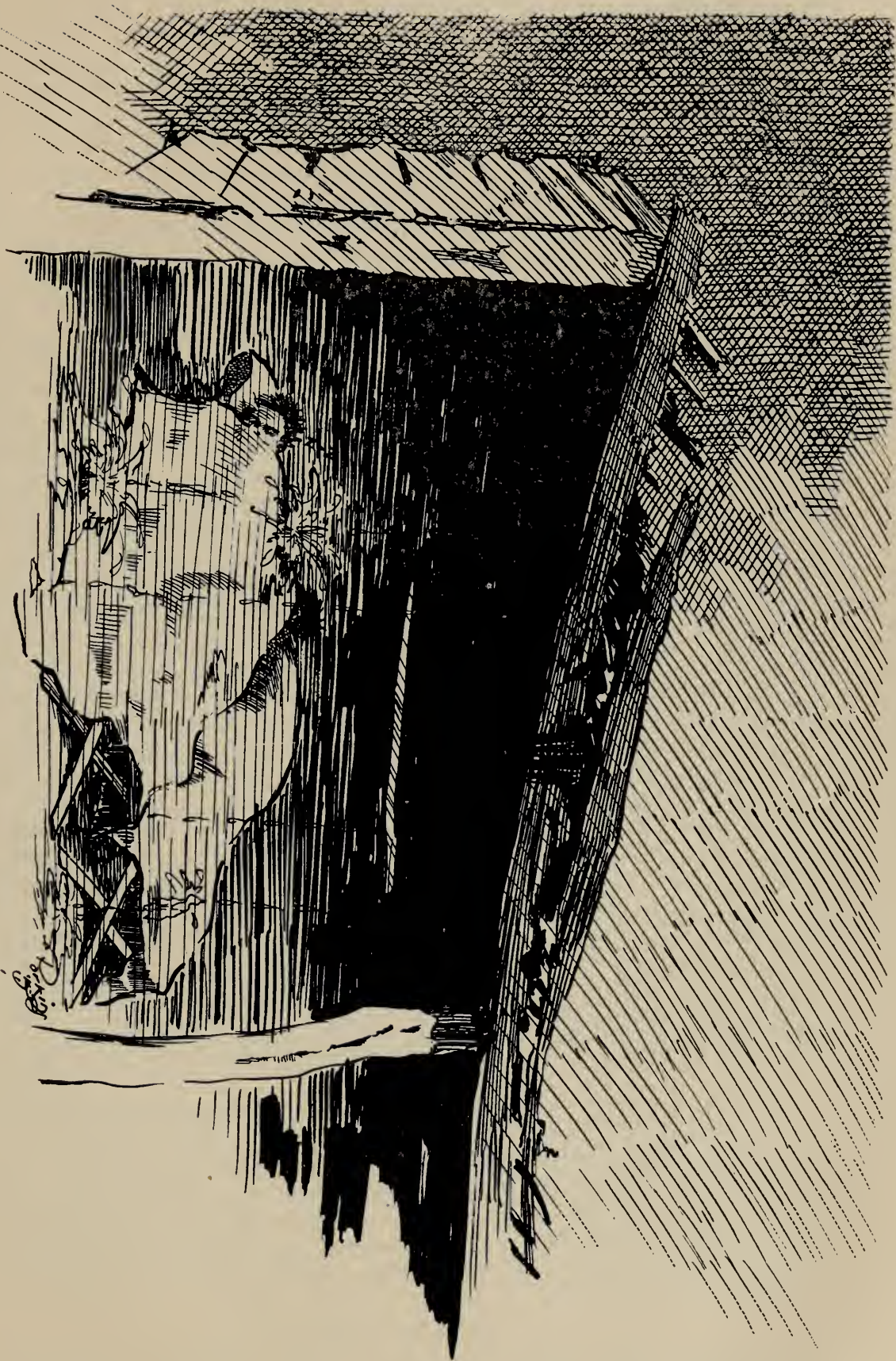
We drove out past the capitol and through Fort D. A. Russell, where an Indian, with his wife and daughter from Walla Walla, Wash., in a Haynes Six joined our party. They were well educated people, evidently of some wealth, and were somewhat nervous about starting off alone, across Wyoming with its long distances between towns. Our route today led across high table-lands, through a sheep farming country, where we saw great herds, watched by herdsmen, with their faithful dogs.

The trail was plain, now descending into small canyons, now wind-

ing upward over the range of foothills and at Chugwater, fifty miles from Cheyenne, we stopped for a late lunch at the little Fox hotel. Chugwater may never get to be a big town, but it is likely to become an important trading point. It is now a raw imitation of a village, with small unpainted buildings, all new. Mrs. Fox, formerly of Omaha, gave us a good dinner and informed us that this is a prosperous community. She told me she had landed there three years ago with four hundred dollars and that last year her taxes were \$130.00, which indicates no small increase in the Fox fortune. In front of the small hostelry when we drove up were two new cars, a Reo Six and a Ford roadster, and at the table we met the drivers, Mr. and Mrs. Charles J. Oviatt, of Sheridan, Wyoming, enroute home from Denver on their wedding trip. They had bought the roadster in Denver and after enjoying the beauties of Estes Park had proceeded northward to Cheyenne. Here Mr. Oviatt found a letter from his business partner requesting him, if possible, to bring the Reo to Sheridan, so with the bride in the Ford, and the groom in the Reo, the bridal party started for home. It was somewhat rough on Mrs. Oviatt as she was just learning to drive and the roads were rather bad in places, with washouts due to recent rains. No true Missourian lacks in gallantry, so as we left Chugwater we put the charming little bride into the Reo Six with her husband, and I took the Ford, with a Denver drummer, who was marooned in the village because there was no Sunday train, and the procession of five cars set out for Wheatland, thirty miles distant. This was indeed a beautiful afternoon ride. Far to the west loomed the outline of a high mountain range and the road wound over the plateau country so as to afford us many wonderful pictures. We were forced to detour and drove perhaps ten miles out of our way, but finally from a point of vantage on the crest of the range we beheld the alluring green valleys and the fields of golden grain, surrounding Wheatland. When we descended toward the irrigated district with fine farm houses on every hand it was like a glimpse of Paradise. At Wheatland we bought gasoline and the garage man was kept busy for sometime, because three cars from the north came in while we were waiting. We were warned of bad roads between here and Douglass, and about twenty miles further on we struck trouble. The first creek we attempted to cross held two of the cars fast at the farther bank and there was fresh difficulty a half-mile beyond, but in a short time we were lined up in the road, and on went the procession, minus Mr. Lo, the rich Indian, who had tarried in Wheatland. In a short time clouds began to gather and the evening shades began to darken. Fearing we could not reach Douglass we decided to go into camp, and drove off the road into the ranch of a homesteader, who includes dry-farming among his accomplishments. We invited Mr. and Mrs. Oviatt to camp with us and they accepted readily, so with the four cars surrounding, the tent was pitched, for the first time since our departure. Hout and Christopher arranged the camp, Clark got out the cots and bedding, Parker set about getting supper, assisted by Mrs. Oviatt, and I called at the sod house of the ranchman for eggs, butter and milk. It was a three-room affair, crude without, but inviting within, because a wife and daughter had made it most cozy and habitable. As I passed out of the inclosure I looked at the improvements and saw a sod-covered cow shed with one side open, making a mental



BEDROOM AT HOTEL DE COW



"Three times we moved our cots—the floor was not of hard wood—when morning dawned, two cameras were focused upon us in our lowly condition, after which we arose and washed our faces in the horse trough."





note of the same because there were indications of a bad night in our crowded camp and I had some misgivings about the tarpaulin which was being stretched above our cots, the tent having been turned over to the newlyweds.

That was a great meal, and the little collapsible gasoline stove donated by Mrs. Christopher made good at once, under Dr. Parker's skillful treatment. We all ate supper in the tent, and those sausages from the Parker farm, rich, juicy, nutritious, made us all glad we were there. We had not enjoyed a meal so much since we partook of Mrs. Harry Clark's fried chicken and deviled eggs on the first day out. Supper was served in the wooden plates kindly donated by F. W. Robinson, when he heard I was to be dishwasher, and after this glorious meal, while the rising wind flapped the tent curtains, I washed the cooking utensils, knives and forks in cold water.

Then we sought our resting places for the night, with Clark and Hout on cushions from the cars, their cots being used by our guests within the tent. As I prepared for bed I noticed water dropping upon my cot and perceiving that the tarpaulin, which had seen better days, furnished but a poor excuse for protection, my cheery voice rang out thus, upon the damp night air: "I know a cow shed not more than three hundred yards distant. Who will brave the elements and hie with me to that retreat where some scant shelter, at least, will be afforded us against foul weather, provided we can survive the foul odor, through the stormy watches of this Wyoming night?" Then spoke up Parker, saying, "Lead on, I'll take the chance," and burdened with our cots we fled from Camp Mabel, named so, in honor of the gracious little bride, to that humble makeshift of a shelter, which we christened Hotel de Cow. Three times we moved our cots to get out from under the holes in the roof. No, Pauline, the floor was not of hard wood either, but there were no cows in there at that time. Yes, we took off our shoes, and put them in a hen's nest, beyond reach of the "varmints", whose holes and hiding places we saw revealed in the glare of the little flash-light, as we inspected our lovely retreat. But barring the shoes, we voted unanimously against disrobing, and hobo-like, veritable bums that we appeared, made merry over the situation. The rain and lightning finally ceased, the southern sky, in full view, grew brighter, the coyotes began to howl and the ranch dog came barking from the house, straight toward our hovel, but he was a reasonable brute and yielded to our persuasive tones. He returned regularly at half-hour intervals through the night, gave a few short yelps, and then went back to the house.

When morning dawned, our comrades at Camp Mabel came down to see how we had fared and two cameras were focused upon us in our lowly condition, after which we arose, washed our faces in the horse-trough and returned to camp, where Jerry, the doctor, prepared a nice breakfast, all feeling perfectly "fit". They furnished me hot water for the dishwashing, the equipment was packed, we hit the trail and Camp Mabel was history, along with Hotel de Cow of fragrant memory.

#### **Monday, August 23.**

Yesterday we traveled about a hundred twenty miles and tonight we are in Casper, ninety miles from Camp Mabel. We had a good

lunch at Douglass, a hustling little city where the state fair is located. The business houses are up-to-date and there are many nice homes 'n Douglass. At one of the best garages we saw on the trip we bought supplies, including two casings, and were invited out to look at a fine bunch of cattle, but informed the rancher we were not in the market. After dinner we drove about twenty-five miles over splendid roads, built by the convicts of Wyoming, and wondered why, if that little state with its 125,000 population, could thus construct highways, Missouri could not do the same. In the middle of the afternoon a hard driving rain came up, and we halted thirty minutes on the range with curtains drawn. In Missouri we could have made but poor progress, and even on those hillsides there was danger, but the sandy roads do not get very muddy, and we successfully negotiated the remaining distance, reaching the remarkably interesting city of Casper before dark.

Casper was the liveliest small town we saw on the entire trip, and it was certainly the most brilliantly lighted. There are perhaps six thousand people in this new oil refining center and we saw all who were able to be out. Standard Oil has brought Casper to the front and if it can hold its own for a few years and the oil is not exhausted, its bright lights will continue to shine. But Wyoming is not advancing. There is too much waste land that can never be enriched by irrigation, land so barren that those who eke out an existence on its arid plains talk in hoarse whispers like the South Missourian who said his land was so poor he couldn't raise his voice. The population of Wyoming has decreased since the last census, they told us, and some put it as low as a hundred thousand. But when it was made a state in 1890, they were needing two more Republicans in the United States Senate. There are garden spots and thriving communities with a number of splendid towns, best of which, according to Mr. and Mrs. Oviatt, is Sheridan, in the northern part, but our impression of Wyoming as a state with a great future, were decidedly unfavorable, and to me it will remain the "Sheep Herder's Dream" in which the herder who lay asleep in the grass, his faithful dog and the watchful magpie, form the most striking features of the sleepy, sheeepy landscape. We met lots of good people in Wyoming, not all of them, of course, but a sufficient number to enable us to hold them all in high regard. At Casper was my old school friend, Billy McCoy, and at the beautiful Mid West Hotel, with appointments worthy of any city in the nation, we found in charge a former well-known and popular Missourian, a native of Monroe county, the genial and gentlemanly Chas. Adams, late of the Adams Hotel in Denver, now in charge of the Mid West. To Mr. Adams we are indebted for many courtesies and we can hardly forget his delightful hostelry. Here we met several parties, including a group of charming people from El Paso, Texas, who were bound south and east out of Yellowstone Park. They told us we yet had a hard road to travel before we reached Cody. They little realized how much of truth was in that remark, particularly for the scribe, but when we retired to pleasant dreams there was no thought of what would happen on the morrow, because we had met and conquered the jinx of bad roads, the weather jinx, the cow shed jinx and thought nothing more formidable could lie beyond. So even I, the victim, slept peacefully that night, and I have wondered since, if



a vision of next day's events had been unfolded to me, would I have refused to embark in Betsey. One never knows what might have been one's decision, could all things have been foreseen, but so thoroughly imbued was I with the ardor and enthusiasm of the western journey, that I believe like Dr. Parker when he faced the cow shed proposition that rainy night, I would have taken the chance. Old Grandpa Jinx was lying in wait, and on Tuesday we met him face to face.

### **Tuesday, August 25.**

"I hope you fellows get across Powder River all right. We certainly had a bad time of it, and as we came through we saw a Hupmobile that had been standing in the stream twenty-four hours with the top submerged a part of the time. Everybody is having trouble because it has been running high for two days," or words to that effect from a Texan who had reached Casper from the west late on the previous evening.

We learned that Powder River, ordinarily a small sand creek would likely be fordable by noon, but that the roads were miserable in many places and that the next hundred miles would be bad going. Still we expected to cross Powder River, forty miles distant, by early lunch time and then proceed toward Basin, via Lost Cabin, Tensleep and Nowood, through a great fishing country where we would loaf near to nature's heart and prey upon forest and stream for subsistence.

We crossed the North Platte River and soon were on the prairie wrestling with the chuck-holes. I forgot to mention that Mr. and Mrs. Oviatt bade us good-bye at Casper, and headed north for Sheridan, a hundred seventy miles distant. They were pleasant traveling companions and our good wishes for a long and happy life went with them.

Our progress was slow and it was akin to bumping the bumps. Two hours took us about twenty-five miles, and then as Betsey emerged from a hollow something happened. Dr. Parker, alias Jerry, the cook, held her fast but she refused to go further and we pushed her out of the hollow, then towed her about a hundred yards to a level place, and held a consultation. The trouble was in the rear axle and there among the sage-brush, with no living creature in sight except ourselves and a swarm of hungry cattle flies armed with javelins which pierced us through, the little "eriF" was dismembered. My admiration for Christopher and Hout went up a hundred points as these two master mechanics took charge of the situation. They found the trouble, a broken key at the differential, and although we had a supply of Ford parts, this, of course, was lacking, and how to secure one was the question. In the meantime under the shade of the tarpaulin Jerry was preparing lunch. At last a car appeared in the offing and as it passed we hailed it. It was a party from Hannibal, Mo., and from them we got a piece of steel. From this our jolly blacksmiths cut a piece and forged it to the pattern of the broken part, a fine piece of work, we all agreed, and after about four hours' delay, during which we enjoyed lunch, Betsey was ready to resume the journey.

Harry Clark may not know how to rope a steer in approved western style, but he is "there" when it comes to roping an automobile

wheel. It was Clark who piloted a number of tourists across the mud-holes and marshes near our temporary camp that day, and just as we were ready to trek once more we saw him heading east across the gulches toward a car that waited uncertainly beyond. When the car unloaded we thought there was to be either a suffragette convention or a prayer meeting right there on the prairie, for there were five women and two babies, with one lone man, and he was in a peck of trouble for he had no chains on his big six. Here is where Clark made good with the ladies. He surely roped those wheels, and then pointed out the least miry passage. It was a German from Loveland, Colo., his wife and four daughters with two babes in arms, all making the best of it, but doubtless agreeing with philosophic Touchstone in "As You Like It" when he said "When I was at home I was in a better place, but travelers must be content." The scribe recalled these lines that same evening.

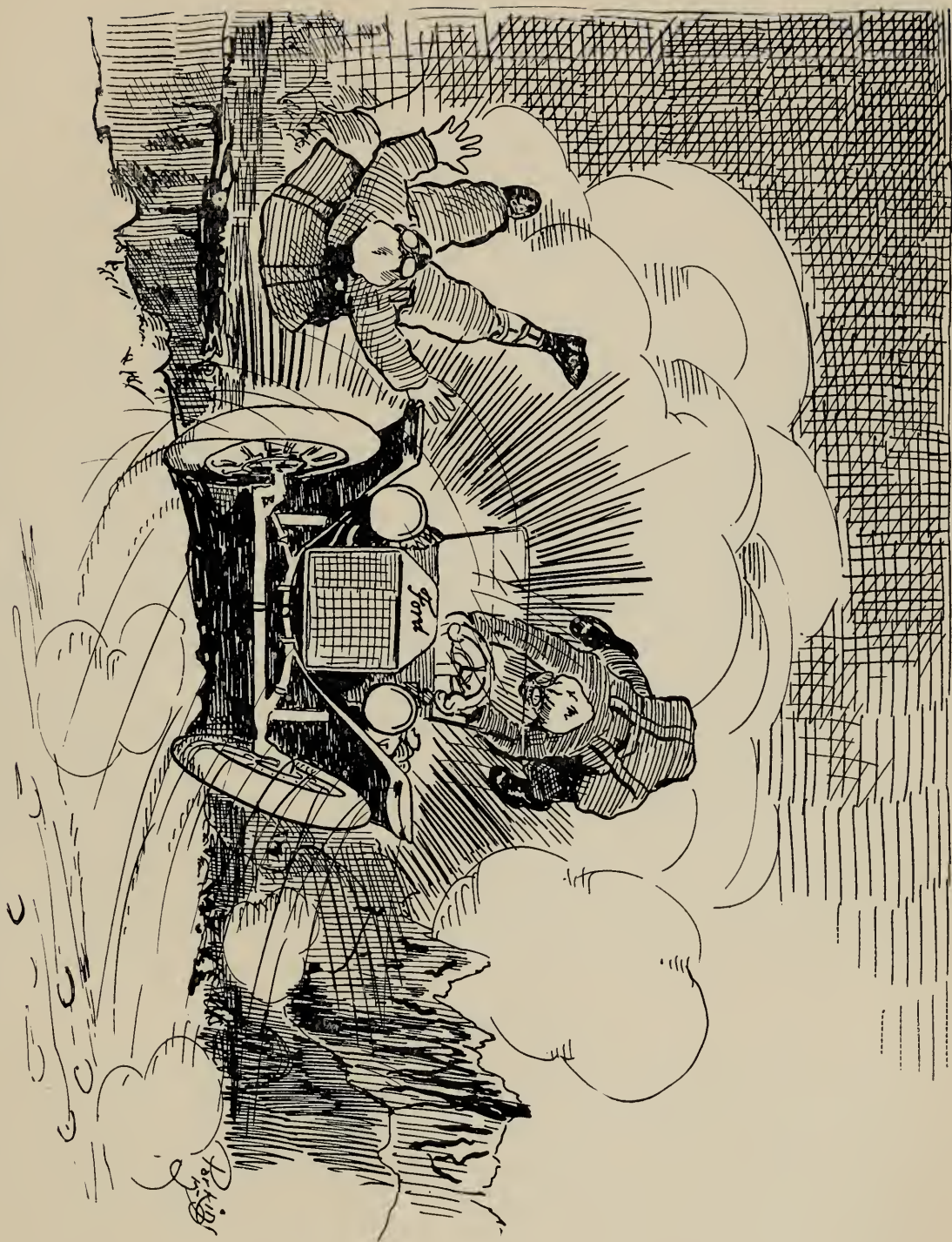
After the Germans came the Allies, an old man of seventy-five from Illinois with a deaf girl, who did part of the driving and a married pair as chaperones. They were anxious to keep us company and we saw them now and then in the days that followed. A Michigander and his family next appeared and finally we formed a caravan, but at a ranch house where we stopped for water, they all passed on. Then came the Powder River station to our right and we headed for the famous stream to cross it before dark, thinking to camp a few miles further on.

Jack-rabbits ran right and left across our path, and ever and anon I fired at them with an old army Colt's 44, without reducing their numbers. An old greasy rag which got mixed with the machinery caught fire and we thought Betsey would burn, but it lasted only a moment, and on we sped, finally reaching a gulch out of which we slowly climbed until we reached the open stretch of hillside, up which we wound, until within five feet of the top, and then old Grandpa Jinx, who had been concealed in the differential all day, sheared off the makeshift key of which we had been so proud, and things began to happen. Betsey rested momentarily, sighed and murmured: "What's the use?" Parker stepped on the brake, but back went Betsey. And the emergency brake also failed. It had been a bad day for brakes as well as breaks. Not a word was spoken as we gained momentum down the hill, up which the touring car was toiling. We soon left the road, however, and there was no danger of collision, but we knew nobody had taken occasion to fill up that gulch at the bottom, since we had emerged from it, and our thoughts just then are more easily imagined than described.

"Going down" I thought and stepped out on the running board, having concluded to get off on the main floor, before we struck the basement. Just then I saw two ugly looking ditches directly in our path, and even as I shuddered at the thought of the somersault we might take, the rear wheels were in the first gully and I partly jumped, was partly thrown, from my insecure footing. Bang! Bang! Two tires exploded. Biff! The front hub took me in the shoulder, for after throwing me out that Ford deliberately turned half-way round and tried to run over me, pinching my fore-arm and tearing the hub into the



BACK WENT BETSEY



"I partly jumped, was partly thrown, from my insecure footing, but Doc held on.





muscles of my back, leaving all its pretty red paint on my nice yellow coat. I staggered to my feet, so I might be a witness to Parker's plunge over the precipice, about fifty yards away, but his guardian angel was on the job. Doc was nearly severed in twain by the steering wheel, when the wheels struck the ditches, but held on and prevented the car from swerving over my figure as it lay prostrate. The gully and bursting tires, changed Betsey's course and broke her wind so that she slowly halted, not more than fifteen feet from the gulch, on fairly level ground.

First aid was administered the fainting scribe, and his injuries examined. The doctor's emergency kit was invaluable here because the ligaments were torn from one knee and both were badly bruised and bleeding, the right shoulder also being quite devoid of cuticle. So we didn't cross Powder River that evening, but drove back to the little settlement where we were taken in by Mr. and Mrs. John Clark, where the injured was made comfortable, the hungry were fed, the wanderers accorded true hospitality, and new friendships formed.

Jack Clark, as he is known at Powder River, is a big bluff Scotchman, a former Rough Rider who went to Cuba with Roosevelt, and a good talker. His home is a sort of hotel and he is the king bee of that vicinity. He has traveled extensively and is possessed of much general information. He showed us a large yellow Spanish flag which he took from its staff on the court building at Santiago de Cuba, along with other souvenirs of his Rough Rider days, and regaled us with interesting incidents in his career. Mrs. Clark is just the kind of woman to make her guests feel at home, one of the world's best cooks and a careful, tidy housewife. Miss Clark, the eldest daughter, brightened every room she entered and the youngsters were all neat, well behaved, healthy looking kiddies, so that before bed-time we were thanking our stars that the near-tragedy occurred so close to such good people. But in spite of all, through the long feverish night, the only popular song that I could recall was the plaintive strain, "When You're a Long, Long Way From Home," and when at last the morning came I had concluded that it would be best for me to part company with my fellow travelers, because it seemed my western trip was ended, and that to delay them or be an incumbrance upon them would mar the further pleasure of the trip.

### Wednesday, August 26.

We sometimes think we know our friends and associates, but when the unexpected happens and opportunity is furnished for a test those upon whom we most relied are found wanting, while in others surprising loyalty and sympathy sincere is shown. I mention this merely as a prelude to what I fear will but feebly express my appreciation of those four royal mates of mine, whose strength in sterner situations was balanced now by tender thoughtfulness and true-blue comradeship, which shall never be forgotten. As Harry Parker was bandaging my wounds this morning early, I told him of my resolve to return home as soon as I could travel and he said, "Nothing doing. We stay right here till you can go along, and you will soon be well anyhow." When the others came in and heard my plans, Jack Chris-

topher came to the bed and took my hand, "We have had a good time together and we won't leave you here. That's settled," and Clark and Hout declared themselves in vigorous protest against my proposition. It was a little thing perhaps and trivial to the reader but it did me worlds of good, although I reserved my own decision until another night, at least, had passed. It is the little things, however, that make or mar existence, the little things that indicate character and disposition, even as straws show the direction of the wind, and in this trip together every day, I came to the conclusion that I was with the best bunch of fellows in the world, and would say so, if I ever had the chance. Hout was the hard and capable worker, thoughtful and considerate of others. To him nothing was trouble, and he did us all good. Christopher, quieter than the others, more often talked of home, but proved himself a true philosopher, and his past adventures in the west, with his Alaskan experience, were an asset to our equipment which it would be hard to over-value. The infectious, never failing good humor of Harry Clark made hard roads easy, and turned trouble into pleasure. I quite agree with his old friend and roommate, Billy Beazell, who said to me on our return, "Clark's idea of delight upon a trip is in making others have a good time and he never tires of work." Dr. Parker, who planned this hike, never flagged in his enthusiasm, nor grumbled over the cook stove. He was most always radiant, cheerful and ready to do more than his part, and day by day we could see that the trip was bringing color to his cheek and light to his eye. It was just the thing for Jerry.

This morning, the necessary parts having arrived from Casper, Betsey was made as good as new, and the job was finished in two hours from the time they left the house. Those fellows could build a car if necessary.

In the afternoon Clark stayed with me and dozed in the doorway, while the others with Jack Clark, our landlord, went out to shoot sage-hens. I had my first sleep since the accident and awoke planning to go on by rail to Cody, two hundred fifty miles, just as soon as I could be put aboard a train, while my companions in the two cars could go on overland and meet me a few days later in Buffalo Bill's town. Surely, by that time, I could continue the journey with them, but not now, over those awful roads. And so it was agreed, before we slept, but in the night I said, "Tomorrow, we are off for Cody, with only one day lost."

#### **Thursday, August 27.**

Freshly bandaged and garbed for the train trip the injured scribe was loaded into a Pullman at seven o'clock this morning and sent to Cody. It was an all day trip and included a change at Frannie, on the northern border of Wyoming, about fifty miles from Billings, Mont. The town of Frannie, from which the Burlington sends a fifty-mile spur to Cody, is named for Miss Frannie Wilson, daughter of a wealthy rancher and cattle raiser, and she is said to be the most remarkable horse-woman in all that country. We passed through Thermopolis, famous for its sanitarium and hot springs, soon after we left the Wind River canyon, the most interesting feature of the day's ride and were in the great Big Horn basin, west of the well known Big Horn range.



PAIN AND PLEASURE



"The scribe arrives at Cody, Wyo., where he awaits his comrades at Buffalo Bill's hotel, the Irma, and is made comfortable."





Two angels of commerce, from New York and Denver, respectively took me in charge and placed me aboard the "Cody Special," a mixed train, and at five o'clock, we were on the heights across the Shoshone River where the jerkwater railroad ends. From the station two large auto busses conveyed us to the attractive little city founded by Col. W. F. Cody, known to fame as Buffalo Bill, on the opposite plateau.

The Irma Hotel, named for Col. Cody's daughter, now Mrs. Frederick Garlow, is owned by Buffalo Bill and managed by Mr. Garlow. Here I was made most comfortable and felt but little worse from the day's tiresome experience. Many tourists were here, because all who pass to or from the eastern entrance of the Yellowstone must tarry for a time at Cody.

The story now becomes impersonal which may be a relief to those who have tired of the "T's", and is gathered from the remainder of the party who departed from Powder River on Thursday morning bound overland through northwest Wyoming. It is here given as they tell it but it is suspected by the scribe that they have omitted many little items of interest even as a few may have escaped the "pitiless light of publicity" in the foregoing pages.

"Dr. Parker had a bad cold, contracted while sleeping on a cot in the open doorway, while caring for his patient at the Clark home, and was grouchy all day long" says Christopher and here the composite tale begins.

We were piloted safely across Powder River and the water was not above the running boards. We learned that the Walla Walla Indian, whom we had left at Wheatland, the Michigander, the Germans and the Allies, had all had trouble at the ford, but all had gone through on Wednesday when the stream was higher.

We ascended to a high table land and three miles from the river stopped to view the peculiar formation known as "Hell's Half Acre." Bad lands, indeed, and impenetrable except to a pedestrian, with cliff and canyon, all of barren rocks, in every shape conceivable, and with rare coloring, all set in a depression, a freak and a distortion.

Today we climbed the Big Horn range, and crossed Cottonwood Pass at 7400 feet elevation. The grade was heavy for about ten miles and when we passed over the divide and looked beyond, the desolation of the scene was indescribable. We then descended into the Big Horn basin.

That morning we found the old man, the girl and their chaperones in dire extremity, with a broken axle. We carried an extra axle, and sold it to them. Later, we found our oil was running low and secured some from a passing car, then drove into Lost Cabin for supplies. Here we left the cars standing alone for a few minutes, and later in the day discovered that Less Houts' big automatic shotgun which was carried in the top of the touring car was missing. We then remembered that some Mexicans had been standing near, at Lost Cabin, and the Greasers are slick. Somebody lost a cabin there in days gone by, and we had lost a \$40.00 gun.

During the day Hout shot at a fleeing wolf, but on he fled. We have seen but little game and nothing has been killed to date except the eagle Hout brought down at Horse Creek, the day we left Cheyenne.

This afternoon we passed through beautiful Nowood Canyon which for coloring and striking points of interest approaches many more famous canyons in the estimation of the comparatively few who ever view its wonders.

We went into camp that night near a ranch owned by a war-time resident of Pleasant Hill, Mo., whose name we have forgotten. The German suffragettes were camped near by. This was the day we saw the great herd of deer in a corral, and on this drive we saw but little other signs of life, because the ranch houses were few and far between. But here towards evening we found a veritable oasis, a garden-spot of several hundred acres, with a fine stone house, private irrigating system and alfalfa fields in abundance. The big herd of deer was quite interesting also, and it was an alluring place in which to wait until old Sol again peeped at us from the mountains which towered to the eastward. We had a good night's rest and enjoyed some trout from a stream near which we pitched our tent.

#### Friday, August 28.

Today we climbed the steepest hill of all the trip, and it required fine engineering to ascend. Clark worked over an hour with a shovel and he made the dirt fly. Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar of Chicago, in a Moline-Knight roadster were with us for a time, but drove on toward Basin and we stopped to fish. The finest speckled trout imaginable, abounded in Otter Creek and they loved the little grasshoppers so well that we soon had more fish than we cared for. Christopher was the fast and lucky fisherman, and everytime he landed a big one he let out a yell that roused the echoes. He had never fished before, despite his residence at Pertle Springs in which the followers of Ike Walton take much keen delight, but now he is a convert to rod and reel methods of recreation and we shall hear stories of such bass at Pertle Springs as has not yet entered the imagination of other lovers of the sport. Parker says Christopher made him chase grasshoppers until he was leg-weary, but that when the catch was counted he was in the lead, with Jack wearing the red ribbon, and Les Hout a close third in numbers, although first in weight. The Indians and the Michiganders were all supplied with trout.

We concluded not to camp that night, but to make it into Basin, which is about sixty miles from Cody and as we arrived at the progressive little city, the lights were gleaming and the streets were alive with life. At the crowded hotel they first denied us room, but "Kewpie" Clark convinced the landlady that he couldn't rest unless he was sheltered neath her hotel roof, thus winning a home for the wanderers.

We then made all haste to a restaurant and had our fish cooked, which with the trimmings set us back about three dollars. You can not beat these westerners at any game with which they are at all familiar, and while we furnished the fish, that meal cost us six bits apiece.

We replaced our brakes at Basin and met there for the first time four very interesting people from Dunkirk, N. Y., traveling with their chauffeur in a Cadillac Eight on a three months' trip which would take them to the coast, then to the southern part of California and eastward by the southern route, across Texas to New Orleans. They



WE STOPPED TO FISH



"Parker says Christopher made him chase grass-hoppers until he was leg-weary, but when the catch was counted he was in the lead."





were Mr. and Mrs. Henry H. Droege and Mr. and Mrs. John W. Stapf, congenial couples who were making a "hotel" tour and "seeing America" after the most approved fashion.

On our way to Basin we forsook the black and yellow trail which we had been following since we left Cheyenne, thus avoiding what they told us were the extremely bad roads through the Thermopolis country. The black and yellow markings were rather scarce along the entire route but we never lost the road, because at diverging points was always a post or pole, or frequently a stone painted black and yellow, indicating the Yellowstone trail.

When we arrived in Basin we were about a hundred seventy-five miles from Powder River, and in the four days' trip from Casper we had traveled about two hundred fifteen miles. At times we found good stretches of road but until we neared Basin it was pretty rough. The last thirty miles, from Hyatville which we left at six o'clock, was over a fine smooth highway and we covered it in an hour and fifteen minutes. The Big Horn River, a large stream, flowed near-by and at Basin was the first bridge we had seen for days. Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar were unable to go on that night because of a broken spring and remained at Hyatville.

This is a high country and fit for grazing only, but we didn't see a great many cattle, and most of the sheep were up in the mountains. It is the annual custom among the coyotes to "stick around" where sheep are herded, and this fact accounts for the scarcity of these night howlers along our route.

Wyoming has had more rains this year than in all the previous decade, and the grass lands looked most inviting. In fact, throughout Western Nebraska, where we first came upon the range country, the cattle, horses and sheep we saw were all in fine condition, and high up in the hills the wheat and oat crops of the dry farmers gave color and good cheer to what might otherwise have been a dull gray landscape.

#### **Saturday, August 29.**

Last night we called up the hotel at Cody, sixty miles away, by telephone and inquired about our injured dishwasher, whom we had shipped ahead, learning to our great satisfaction that he was doing fine and would be ready to continue the hike with us by Sunday. So we made no haste out of Basin this morning, and about ten o'clock drove westward, out past the Carnegie library. Eleven miles out we crossed the Greybull River and then the good graded road led by a winding route across a stretch of alkali flats, after which we found a good dirt thoroughfare in the irrigated valley which surrounds the town of Burlington. "Get water here" say the route books, for it is more than thirty miles across the sage-brush before the traveler looks over the hill at Cody sprawled upon the second bench above the chattering Shoshone, on its way north toward the Big Horn River.

About half past three o'clock we came suddenly upon the little city and descending past the water-tower drove up to the Irma where, in the shade of the broad veranda, attended by his new found friend, Mr. Crutch, our crippled comrade gave us a joyous welcome. The Mayor shouted "Tie up your ponies and feed 'em some hay" and we alighted.

We planned to remain here until Sunday afternoon so that we might miss nothing of the interesting town, before we set forth up through Shoshone Canyon to Pahaskee Tepee, the hunting lodge of Buffalo Bill, which is now conducted as a mountain tavern, two miles from the eastern entrance of the Park. The dusty travel-worn Henrys were allowed to stand in front of the hotel until all the natives and most of the tourists present had learned the story of their wanderings, after which Old Liz and little Betsey were given room at a local garage, and we gave five cheers, one for each member of the party, followed by five more, for the widows at home and then a tiger for Buffalo Bill himself, who just one week ago today had been in dear old Warrensburg, attracting more attention, we doubted not, than did we five in Cody's own home town.

### **Sunday, August 30.**

Following the reunion yesterday afternoon the boys formed a reading circle and enjoyed their letters from home, of which there was a most satisfactory supply. My mail had been delivered to me two days before, but I could not write home because my separation from the bunch would have to be explained, and, under solemn agreement, not one word of the accident had been written to any one of our better nineteen-twentieths, so that no one should know of it until all were back in Warrensburg.

It then became the privilege of the writer to personally conduct his comrades on a tour of inspection and show them the many interesting features of Hotel Irma, including the remarkable display of pictures, paintings and historic mementoes of Buffalo Bill's thrilling career. The walls of the corridors, dining room and great bar and billiard room are hung with trophies of Col. Cody's travels in which Buffalo Bill is the central, dominant figure; souvenirs from European monarchs, groups of distinguished men, famous old Indian chiefs, wild game in splendid samples of the taxidermist's art, with profuse reminders of the days when the bison and the Indians divided honors as monarchs of the primeval prairies.

To my great regret the notes made in reference to some of these great paintings have been misplaced but one will ever linger in my memory, "The Conquest of the Prairie." In the foreground a group of Indians on ponies are peering across a canyon toward an approaching horseman, a lone hunter and explorer, first emissary of the great white race to reach the boundless plains. To the right and rear of the Indians are seen their tepees, with the squaws and dusky offspring, cowering in the shadows. A herd of buffalo is thundering past toward wilderness more remote, and far back across the hills, in the trail of the horseman, comes the wagon train of pioneers who braved the wilds to found this wondrous empire, which we call the west, while in the distance dim a bridge is seen spanning a mountain gorge. A train of cars is approaching the bridge, thus telling of the wonderful works of engineering and progress in the years to come, and in the hazy, shadowy tints beyond is seen the smoke and spires of the future great city, which later arose here and there among the vastnesses of those virgin solitudes. This is one of the most remarkable pictures I have ever seen,



portraying as it does the onward march of civilization, since first the savage as in a vision looking toward the East, beheld what now is history.

The priceless painting in the Cody collection, however, is the figure of Buffalo Bill on horseback, the work of no less renowned an artist than the late Rosa Bonheur, greatest of all animal painters. Aside from its value as a wonderful work of art it is distinctive in that it is the only human likeness ever reproduced on canvas by the immortal Bonheur, who now sleeps in the old cemetery of Pere le Chaise in Paris. Among other interesting pictures seen at the Irma are beautiful works in oil showing the Roosevelt hunting party, at Cody's hunting lodge, Pahaska Tepee.

Col. Cody and his life's story become quite real, as we gaze upon his personal collection of souvenirs and see his bright little grandson making friends among the guests, now and then seeking the loving caresses of his grandmother, Mrs. Cody, who makes her home here, keeping in constant touch with the itinerary of her distinguished spouse, as he parades before an applauding public, and lifts his hat to throngs throughout the country.

Buffalo Bill was the Indian's fiercest foe among all the famous western scouts, but he made friends of many of the most noted Indian chiefs and has been photographed with some, whose names at one time were a terror to the early settlers, and to Uncle Sam's soldiers. In the years following Indian uprisings he became a builder, and erected hotels in three thriving cities of Wyoming.

The town which bears his name is very proud of the old man, who mingles on familiar terms with all his fellow-citizens as though he had never dined in state with presidents and kings. It is a good trading point, with up-to-date business houses and modern improvements.

Farther down the Shoshone Valley, watered by a fine government system of irrigation on the road north toward Frannie and Billings in a most fertile fruitful area where Uncle Sam sells farms at \$50.00 an acre, on twenty-year payments without interest and furnishes all the water needed, from the great Shoshone reservoir, the highest in the world, about twenty miles west of Cody, on the road to Yellowstone Park. The most attractive settlement along the length of this project is Powell, and on the train I met two Missourians, who said that after two years' residence there, they had no desire to go back to their former homes in Carroll county, or anywhere else, so well pleased with the climate are they as well as with what Fortune is adding to their earthly store. It is valleys like this that save Wyoming.

Cody has seen many prominent men in its day, and on the registers at the Irma are names of a large host who at one time or another have been in the spotlight of events. It was here two years ago that Charles G. Gates, heir to the great fortune of John W. Gates, debauched his life away and died in his private car. Dr. Bennett, who attended him, received a fee of \$15,000 for accompanying the remains to New York. His drug store is a favorite rendezvous of guests at the hotel, just opposite, and here I learned many interesting things about the town and its founder. From now on, since the Park is opened to automobiles, it will become a fa-



vorite resort of those who travel by gasoline, but even this summer, we were told that cars from every state but one, Rhode Island being the exception, had passed through. The hotel facilities are first class, with comfortable rooms and good meals, thanks to Mr. Garlow's careful supervision. We loved that invigorating atmosphere, in which Wyoming is enveloped; it makes one want to linger for awhile, because every hour brings strength and healing, and the nights—such wonderful nights we spent under the stars that “glisten, glisten, seeming with bright eyes to listen.” Never to me did sleep seem so restful, so refreshing as that which came on those high altitudes. Sancho Panza must have steeped his senses in forgetfulness beneath the skies upon some eminence in Andalusia, the night he gathered inspiration for invoking God's blessing on “the man who first invented sleep”, for only in the mountains, I verily believe, does the human race get full value received for the hours it remains in bed.

On the comfortable porches of the hotel we drowsed away the morning hours and heard more stories of the early days. One which I recall concerned Buffalo Bill when he was employed as hunter for the construction company of the old Kansas Pacific, back in 1867-68. In less than eighteen months Cody is said to have killed nearly five thousand buffalo, to furnish food for the army of twelve hundred men who were engaged upon that great enterprise, now known as the Union Pacific. “Speaking of killing buffalos” said an old chair warmer at the hotel, “You may not know that the coming of the railroad across the plains in 1868, was the beginning of wholesale slaughter of the American bison. Hunters thronged the region east of the Rockies, and in seventeen years the buffalo was practically extinct. Along the line of railroads, traversing Kansas and Nebraska, passengers frequently shot buffalo from the slow moving trains, and let the carcasses lie upon the prairie. This was wanton slaughter for they didn't kill for meat, nor even for the hides. I have heard it said that in some places on the prairies, a man could walk for hours on dead bodies of buffaloes without stepping on the ground, so heavy was the slaughter of these noble animals by hide hunters who thrived upon the buffalo robe market.” It is estimated that in Kansas alone, which gathered up the bones for carbon works in the great cities, and in thirteen years paid out two and a half million dollars for the bones, at eight dollars a ton, that thirty-one million buffaloes were killed. “It seems preposterous,” says a writer “to readers not familiar with the great plains forty years ago, but not to those who have seen the prairie black from horizon to horizon with those shaggy monsters.”

The career of Buffalo Bill and stories of his remarkable deeds as hunter, as government scout, on the staff of well known army officers, appeal to all who love adventure, wild life and brave deeds. On Col. Cody fell the mantle of Kit Carson, foremost frontiersman of his generation. He is seventy years of age, and his name is a household word throughout civilization. He has rubbed shoulders with the savage and walked arm in arm with kings. Whatever may be his faults, he is one of America's most remarkable men and his passing will sever the chain which binds the new west to the old.

After dinner we made preparations for departure, and it was with



"MEXICAN JACKS" HYPNOTIC POWERS

"Christopher's defiant glance and heavy black moustache struck terror to the canines at Hollister's Ranch."





deep regret we said good bye to Cody. Here we had made several pleasing acquaintances and here I had seen some old friends from Mexico, Mo., who had been touring Yellowstone. Here the scribe had convalesced rapidly and while still seriously crippled, was able to ride among the bedding in the touring car's tonneau, in Lizzie's lap, as Doc Parker put it. Waving farewell, we descended to the valley and began to climb gradually toward the Shoshone canyon, where nature has been most lavish in her display of rugged grandeur. The road grew narrow as we gradually rose above the rushing Shoshone, far below us tops of tall trees waving, upward along a narrow shelf of road, which now and then pierced a cliff, emerging on the other side to turn a sudden curve from which straight skyward rose the wall of rock, on either side the canyon, with towers and battlements upon their summits inaccessible. Sometimes the ascent was steep and tortuous and the little Henrys would seem unequal to the task, but we finally reached Shoshone reservoir, where we rested for an hour, with Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar, who had come with us from Cody.

The great dam which holds Shoshone here is worthy of a chapter and must be given better mention, but not today. The Dunbars left us here and we later struck camp on the banks of the turbulent little stream, with high granite cliffs as the background of our sheltered retreat. The trout were not so plentiful here, but we had a delicious meal and then enjoyed a backward glance upon the scenes and incidents of the trip, with comment on some forgotten features, which will appear in Mondays story.

#### **Monday, August 31.**

Under the jack-pines we pitched our tent and around the camp-fire we held a pow-wow. It had been one of our very best afternoons out, that drive from Cody through the mountains. The Shoshone reservoir, highest in the world, as previously stated, had impressed us all, but Christopher the most because he was most familiar with the dam subject and saw it not from a Pertle Springs viewpoint alone, but through the eyes of a civil engineer.

The great wall of concrete, more than two hundred feet thick at its base, rises in an inward curve about three hundred feet high, where the opposite granite bluffs come near together, and when one thinks of the two hundred fifty feet of water which is held by this great concrete construction, extending for many miles west until it becomes an inland sea, he can then begin to realize perhaps the tremendous pressure which is resisted. Steps lead down from the roadway to the top of the dam, and on below to the depths of the canyon where the spill-way tunnels carry off the surplus water, and where the great valves are located. The man in charge of the engine-house took Christopher down through the hillside in a bucket and Jack had an opportunity for thorough inspection of the mechanical features. Here is power harnessed and under perfect control, sufficient to turn all the wheels and light all the cities of the plains if properly applied, but as yet the dam is only utilized in connection with the great irrigation project sixty miles away along the Shoshone valley.

After we had passed beyond the miles of water which form this

wonderful reservoir, we came upon a really beautiful home surrounded by substantial improvements, and fields of grain and alfalfa. Here we stopped and Christopher braved the barking dogs to make a call, for this was the Hollister ranch, and Mrs. Hollister was formerly Miss Mary Christopher, a cousin of our comrade. His defiant glance and heavy black moustache struck terror to the canines, and he finally reached the house unharmed, only to find that Mr. and Mrs. Hollister had taken a pack-train and gone up into the mountains looking for big game.

A little later far to the left and right we descried on two high peaks the waving colors of Old Glory and knew that we were passing into the U. S. Forestry Reservation. The roads were fine and we could have gone on to Pahaska Tepee easily, but we all agreed "Here is an ideal spot to rest for the night, a camping ground par excellence."

The little pine squirrels chattered unceasing accompaniment to our conversation and it turned to bear and wild cats, then for the sake of peaceful dreams, we changed the theme to birds, which reminded Harry Clark of what we had seen away back in Nebraska, before we reached Oxford. We had just made a long detour through a series of dry canyons and coming out upon the range we saw the ground covered with thousands of ——— pigeons? No, they are larger than pigeons and besides they are all white, except for that blue band across the back and wings. Three large flocks we saw and then we had a puncture and a conversation. "They must be plover of some sort," said Clark, although they look like sea-gulls. "Here comes a native," said Hout as he picked up his tire tools, and when we inquired about the birds which were flying in clouds down the valley, the answer was, "Sea-gulls." "But what are they doing here on this side the Rockies?" we asked. "Blown inland by the wind, that's what we all reckon," and we said "Good-day!" But why are all these waterfowl wasting their lives along that Republican River valley? I have seen them in small numbers along the Mississippi and Missouri Rivers, but there were enough sea-gulls out there in Nebraska to decorate the shores of any first-class ocean.

The night came on and somebody again mentioned bears. "Forget it," said Parker. "Who's afraid? Do you remember the badger Betsey captured, single-handed? We should worry about bears: Let's talk about mud holes," and then he recalled a beautiful Nebraskan custom, which, while it affected us deeply at the time, we had almost forgotten.

Road overseers, attention, please, while I relate what happens in some Nebraskan counties, through which we passed. It's a new way out of an old trouble. Where the highway became miry, and the mud gets deep, especially in narrow strips into which wheels are likely to drop to the axles, they build a mud-raft or apron, of heavy stringers and oak boards, and lay it across the mud hole. We saw scores of these make-shift culverts and they were doing humble, but worthy service during the wet season. At other places we crossed small creeks and ravines on a ford of concrete, just as wide as the road, built in the bottom of the stream, thus preventing washouts and affording a solid footing at all times.

In Western Nebraska where the rain is scarce we noted that all the small towns had windmills at every house. At Imperial and Lamar as



we drove through the streets on the way to Holyoke, Col., we seemed to be passing through regular windmill avenues. Out in that country the settler when he first arrives, digs a cyclone cellar, and then puts up his windmill, between blows. If the big fan is there next morning, he orders lumber for his house. One tourist thought the windmills were great electric fans, built out of sheer kindness to the cattle, so that during the heated season they could gather round and catch the breezes. But this is not so because the lady rural router we saw delivering letters and parcels in a touring car, that very day laughed at the idea. "The cattle came up to the windmill to drink," she said "and not to be fanned." Upon which we thanked her heartily.

"Well, she didn't get stuck in the mud that day like we did," said Hout. "But I'm going to bed," and we all followed suit, with Parker and Christopher on the ground just outside the tent under a quaking aspen. They were awakened later by Kewpie who tried to make them think a bear was after them, but they played the hero and refused to be badly scared, although the aspen quaked and the pine trees moaned.

This morning we drove on to Pahaska Tepee, with mountains towering to the north and south, and in the distance snow capped peaks. It was like the Garden of the Gods, only more so, because the fellow that named these Wyoming formations used some judgment at the christening, and we readily recognized most of the important freaks in stone.

At the mountain lodge of Buffalo Bill we were made welcome by his daughter Irma, Mrs. Frederick Garlow, and here we met other friends we had seen on our route. Pahaska Tepee is built of logs, a great central room rising to the roof, with stairs leading to the balcony at the second story, on which the bed-rooms are located. It is conducted as a first-class hotel and we found it so interesting that we tarried over night, getting the Fords in trim for the great climb over Sylvan Pass next morning.

Here we were, two miles from the Park, at last, and we wanted to enter in the morning to camp on the Yellowstone Lake at noon, and at the famous canyon in the evening. That night we dressed for the "ball" which Mrs. Garlow gave, and all the guests attended. As the fun was at its height we heard some commotion at the door and in marched the Allies, who had camped close by. The Dunbars and our New York friends were there with a party of Ohio schoolmarms who were just leaving the Park, three soldiers from the eastern entrance, one piano and one phonograph. Just outside a big camp-fire blazed merrily and here we spent most of the evening, watching the merriment within the hall. The lights were out early and we were soon in slumberland, dreaming of Teddy Moran, a Frenchman we had met that day, and the song Mrs. Garlow had tried to teach us on the cool veranda which starts, "I'll tie up my pony, and feed him some hay," and winds up with shout "Powder River. Fill 'em up again!" a favorite war cry among the cow boys in the days when drinking was the fashion.

Mrs. Garlow, with two charming children, a little son and daughter, spent the summer at the Tepee and entertained the travelers to and from the Cody entrance to the Park. She is a woman of culture, very entertaining, a talented musician, and a fine manager. She has her



forces well organized and the entire establishment, kitchen, laundry, stable and garage, is well conducted, with every necessary convenience.

"But there is one peculiar thing about that laundry," remarked one of the guests. They don't give a rap whether your clothes are clean or soiled, they wash 'em just the same," and when we asked for a diagram of the joke over which he was so visibly amused he said, "I guess it's on me, gentlemen, for don't you know I had two piles of duds, one clean, one dirty, and sent the clean bunch to be washed again." We excused him for the mistake because Wyoming at that time of the year is not only refreshing, but intoxicating, if you take too many deep draughts of its wonderful air, while your shoulders are thrown back.

#### **Tuesday, September 1.**

Betsey is growing capricious these days, and there is no cranking her in the early morning. We must needs tie her to her mother's apron string and drag her about fifty yards before she will consent to go it alone, so we drove out of Pahaskee Teepee with the roadster trailing at rope's end, until we came into the main road. About a mile beyond we reached the Park entrance, said "Good morning!" to the young soldiers we had met the night before and handed them our firearms, which they sealed, registered and returned immediately. Then an inspector gave our brakes a test and we passed on up the government road toward Sylvan Pass, 8600 feet, where we crossed the divide and descended past Sylvan Lake, an exquisite sheet of water in a setting of heavy spruce, with high, rugged peaks surrounding it. Eleven miles further on, over beautiful roads we reached Turbid Lake, which is well-named because of the many hot springs and steam vents along its shores, and bottom, which keep it constantly agitated. Winding down the mountain sides where the road is said to be impassable before the first of July, owing to the snows which linger in these altitudes, we now and then caught glimpses of Yellowstone Lake. Along our route we noticed camp-sites where the government permits travelers to rest, warning them, by signs on trees, to clean the camp-ground before leaving, and carry off all refuse to pits provided for that purpose. Especial care is urged against fire, which must be completely extinguished when the camp is abandoned, and lest the traveler interfere with traffic or frighten horses, all camps must be at least one hundred feet from the road.

Another regulation to which our attention had been called concerned motor cars, which when meeting or passing vehicles drawn by horses, must always take the outer, and therefore, more dangerous edge of the road, and only in cases of emergency is night travel permitted in the Park.

Not a half-mile from where Yellowstone River flows from the lake, we crossed it upon a steel bridge, and a soldier boy gave us a nice string of trout he had just taken from the stream below, while we in turn gave him a ride to the military station near the Colonial or Lake Hotel. It was nearly noon and the sight of the fish awakened our appetites, so we drove into the camping ground, set apart here for automobiles and Fords, on the high, grassy banks beneath the tall pines and the waves of that beautiful lake lapping the shore not thirty feet away. The day was ideal, and the picture was entrancing,

OUR FIRST LUNCH IN YELLOWSTONE PARK



"A soldier boy gave us a nice string of trout he had just taken from the Yellowstone River, while in turn, we gave him a ride to the military station, near the Colonial or Lake Hotel."





especially when Doc Cook served the fish, butter beans and coffee.

After lunch we rested beneath the trees and viewed the splendid scenes around us. Yellowstone Lake is fed by great springs and its water is cold, clear and pure. It is perhaps twenty miles wide, irregularly shaped and gives a setting to the scenery around the big hotel, whose columns we see up yonder through the trees, unlike any of the other park hotels. The lake is nearly eight thousand feet above sea level, and from it springs the lively Yellowstone River, which after traversing Northern Wyoming and Montana for thirteen hundred miles, joins the Missouri in North Dakota, near the western border.

Eight cars were parked, eight lunches "served upon the grounds" that day, and following our siesta we talked with some of the touring parties, then went to look for the bears, which were not hard to find, securing some good pictures. Bruin lives at the top of the pot during the three months tourist season, and is found in numbers around all the hotels, where he feasts on garbage and tickles his palate with the delectables that are swept from the hotel tables. He also loves the smell of bacon and his bright eyes shine among the trees where campfires glow at night, and we were told, let me whisper it, because I want to go back sometime, that Bruin is an arrant thieving rogue, if given half a chance.

Hout snapped one big, brown fellow at close range and then made a hasty get-away only to come suddenly upon a soldier who was wooing a fair maid of his own choosing from the hotel dining room. The blushing pair were "clinchd" as they say in filmdom, when the love-story is completed, but they arose so hastily from the stump on which they were cooing that Leslie couldn't get his camera into action.

Automobiles are permitted to travel only at certain hours of the day; they must be "in" by a certain time and "out" by a certain time, lest they encounter coaching parties and cause disaster on the narrow roads. There are several thousand people touring the park in coaches and all must travel in the same direction, to avoid accident. Not until August 1 were cars permitted in the Park and the teams belonging to the transportation companies grow nervous at the very sight of one, so all precaution is observed and iron-clad rules govern the schedules.

It was only sixteen miles to the next station, the Canyon, and about three o'clock we started. Uncle Sam's engineers have made great roads in Yellowstone and are constantly at work upon their improvement and maintenance. Water tanks at intervals filled from the little mountain streams, supply the sprinkling wagons and keep down the dust. Here we are looking out upon the Yellowstone River again, as it slides sleepily along between flat grassy banks, gathering strength and courage perhaps for the terrific pluges it must take in the great canyon farther down.

Soon we began to notice wild fowl in the marshes below, and we drive quite close to cranes and pelicans, wild geese and ducks, swimming among the sedges, secure from harm, because in this great reservation, it has been decreed that man shall not prey upon the lower creatures, except to catch fish, whenever and wherever he likes.

We now look across over the high grass-lands and on the mountain sides for deer and elk, but no wild animals are in sight and then we

note the vivid colors that appear along the river banks and in the small muddy springs that we are passing, until presently we draw near the first of the geysers, mud volcanoes quite unlike the rest, and here is the great mud-geyser, Grotto Springs, which growls like thirty lions and at intervals from subterranean depths belches forth great quantities of mud and water.

We viewed this unique growler from a fenced in platform and found there the Allies. It was here that Clark put them to precipitious flight. "They say," said Kewpie, "that every afternoon at four mniutes past four, this thing throws mud all over the platform and for fifty yards round." The old man looked up, grabbed at the deaf girl's hand, and shouted, "What time is it now?" "Three minutes after four," said Clark, consulting his watch, whereupon there was scrambling from that platform in hot, unseemly haste. We leisurely climed into the Henrys and ambled toward the canyon, following the course of the river which ran far below us, and much more swiftly than at first, until it became a torrent, angry and turbulent, and on beyond we heard it roaring over the first or upper falls of the great Yellowstone Canyon, near which we were halted and shown a camping place by the friendly soldiers whose station-house resembles nothing else so much as the old-time toll-gate keeper's house. We found these young cavalry-men very courteous and sociable so that we were soon on friendly terms and they told us all about the Park and its strict military regulations, while the scribe picked out familiar strains upon a mandolin, to the guitar accompaniment of a tall, young soldier who was a real musiscian.

There are two companies of cavalry stationed at Fort Yellowstone or Mamomth Hot Springs, commanded by Colonel Bretts, and during the summer season small squads are detailed to look after the various portions of the reservation, on patrol duty and the task of enforcing the strict regulations which must obtain. There is also a corps of engineers and helpers at work on the roads.

The several transportation companies are all under contract with the Department of the Interior, and the tourist may choose among them, according to the manner in which he cares to be accommodated. The ordinary coaching trip through the Park requires five days and a half, not including the side trips, and those who take the hotel tour must pay about \$55.00. The Wylie Permanent Camping Co., with five camps and two lunch stations receives forty dollars for practically the same trip, and the charges of Shaw and Powell are thirty-five dollars. There are special rates for private parties with guides, and the five big hotels exact uniform tariff of five dollars per day, which is not at all excessive when one considers the immense investment and the service rendered, in connection with the fact that these great plants are in operation but three months in the year.

It was in 1872 that this great national park was so created by act of Congress. It contains nearly two and a half million acres, including some of the most magnificent scenery on the continent and is the greatest wild game preserve in the world. Uncle Sam has small reservations of this sort but none to compare in such variety of attractions as is afforded in this national wonderland, this land of surprises, provided for all the people, maintained at national expense.

Our dishwasher's knee was paining him somewhat and he deserted



HOUT FEARS A HUGGING MATCH



"And then made a hasty get-away, only to come suddenly upon a soldier, wooing a fair maid of his own choosing from the hotel dining room. The blushing pair were 'clinched' as they say in filmdom."





his companions in order to pass the night at the great Canyon Hotel, a mile from our camp ground. This is the newest of the Park hosteleries and it is one of the world's most wonderful hotels. Its color is brown, like the canyon itself, and it has five hundred rooms. The interior is most alluring in its polished natural wood and from the great lobby a handsome staircase descends to the largest Lounge Room ever constructed, with furnishings most luxurious.

By good fortune, for the cars were not permitted to go farther that evening, the scribe was taken to the hotel in a spring wagon, and the next morning early the soldiers allowed Clark and Hout to go up after him. More than three hundred tourists were at the Canyon for the night and they had a great ball, but the rough clothes and crutch of the sun-burned Missourian hardly fitted into the surroundings, because many were in evening dress with here and there the blue and gold of the cavalry officers, tripping the light fantastic.

In camp the boys reported a pleasant evening with the soldiers, after Jerry had prepared a particularly artistic supper. They all slept on the ground that night because the cots were cold and uncomfortable. From all we had heard and what we had already glimpsed we knew that we were to behold scenes of grandeur on the morrow, because the grand canyon of the Yellowstone twenty miles long, here furnishes scenery equal to that of Colorado, and its awful splendor baffles the descriptive powers of our greatest word painters.

### Wednesday, September 2.

What a day of thrills this has been! This morning after reviving Betsey and inducing artificial respiration with the "pull-motor," we viewed the glories of the canyon, crossing first to the northern side, over Chittenden bridge, two and a half miles to Artist Point, with magnificent views of the Upper Falls, the Lower Falls and three miles of canyon scenery. It is a rare spectacle. The upper cascade plunges over the precipice a hundred twelve feet and then the torrent swirls swiftly toward the great falls below, where from a height of three hundred twenty-five feet the Yellowstone leaps into space and falls into the abyss beneath, where spray and churning waters unite in a constant roar like steam from a giant caldron.

Far below us, perhaps two thousand feet, between high walls of rock the river takes its way, and between us and the depths are crags and peaks, prismatic in coloring, with tints quite indescribable caused it is said by action of the fumes from hot springs, upon the rocks of rhyolite, which gleam in every shade known to the artist's brush and almost shame the lovely rainbow which comes and goes in that great sheen of water at the Lower Falls far toward the left, but down so far below our vantage point.

Looking over the iron rail which gives security here, where strange sensations run riot through the brain in terrifying tumult, we strain our eyes to locate the source of strange, shrill cries that float up from below and there behold the osprey and the eagle circling the cliffs hundreds of feet beneath us. At last one alights and through the glass we see young eaglets eager for the morsel brought by their fisher-mother from the river which winds its way along the bottom of the canyon.

How unsequential man feels among such scenes as this, how small a part "of that tremendous whole, whose body Nature is and God the Soul!" We talked a little as we gazed out upon the gorgeous wonder, and then in silence withdrew, but none can ever forget it. Driving back up the canyon we crossed and some of the boys climbed down the steps to the river's edge almost beneath the Upper Falls, then on we went past Inspiration Point and the Canyon Hotel, toward Mount Washburn, on the Chittenden Road, so named for General Hiram M. Chittenden, the officer to whom credit is given for the good roads through the Park. We were constantly climbing and the scenery was superb. At last we reached Dunraven Pass, which crosses the Continental Divide here at an altitude of 9000 feet, but we turned to the right and began the steep ascent of Washburn. Going was slow but it gave us opportunity to observe the unrivaled panorama as it unfurled before us. In less than two hours we were at the top of the world, 10,400 feet above sea level. On this side the water flows to the Atlantic; over there that little stream feeds the rivers that are lost in the great Pacific. Hills piled on hills far as the vision reaches, and the glorious world outspread on either hand! It is indeed exhilarating and thoroughly repays us for the toilsome climb, and right down there a few hundred feet is our first elk. But farther to the left we see a herd of perhaps twenty-five, and then we talk it over and conclude that this one day now just past the noon hour, is worth the trip to Yellowstone.

Then began the long descent; for miles and miles the Henrys never breathed, nor used a drop of gasoline, (We still had a little left that had cost us forty cents per, at Pahaskee Tepee) on past Tower Falls, with the palisades and minarets, over the grey canyon walls, under the great overhanging cliff of basalt, to the soldier station with its inclosure and walks outlined in antlers bleached white, and we have crossed the great continental divide, only to begin another climb, for we are yet nearly forty miles from Mammoth and we are scheduled to arrive by six o'clock.

Christopher and Parker are ahead in the roadster, and Hout is driving the "big car" with Clark by his side, while the Scribe reposes among the cushions on the rear seat. (Those fiber pillows donated to us by my own modest "frauena" have been praised so often and served us so well that it is a pleasure to mention them here. On road or in camp they were a constant joy and comfort.) But let me gather up the lost threads of the narrative.

I was about to state that on these narrow mountain roads we often came to dangerous places where the precipice fell sheer, sometimes a thousand feet it seemed, and the driver needed all his nerve and alertness in steering around the sudden curves. There was but little nervousness apparent however, although the talkative Clark would suddenly subside and rivet his attention to the wall of rock so persistently that I couldn't persuade him to give more than a fleeting glance at the view below. Be it said to the credit of Hout and Parker who piloted the fearsome course that day, they both acquitted themselves admirably.

"What would you do" I asked as visions of Powder River rose up



from the frequent chasms, "if something happened?" "Steer her right in to the bank," said Hout, and I knew he was cool headed enough to be master of the situation, so felt no anxiety.

As we again fed gasoline for an eleven-mile climb, the engine knocked as though it would be torn to pieces, and we halted on the hill-side just as the roadster disappeared around a curve a half-mile distant. The trouble was serious, a burnt out bearing, and we were away out in the mountains with evening fast approaching. Hout concluded to take out the useless piston entirely and try to make it into Mammoth on three cylinders, so worked manfully at his task, soon aided by Christopher, who by this time with Parker had returned to investigate our delay. While they were getting the engine into condition, Parker and myself drove back to the soldier station and the sergeant telephoned to headquarters at Mammoth our plight and our request to be permitted to go in whenever we could, that evening. The request was granted, and we were soon toiling up the hill with Betsey in the lead, towing the touring car, while Clark and Christopher puffed and pushed behind until the steepest grade was negotiated, then the rope was taken off and you should have seen that Ford making time through the mountains on three cylinders. It was truly remarkable.

Finally we came to down grade again and reeled off mile after mile. It looked stormy between us and Mammoth and we feared lest rain should keep us from our destination. Later as we came up out of a canyon the storm struck us full in the face, a fearful driving rain. There was a hasty scrambling for curtains, then the worst of it was over, and we got busy with the chains, for we knew the next eight miles would be a precarious passage, around those narrow curves on slick roads.

It was a trying trip and we often stopped to assure ourselves that our comrades were safely on the road and not at the bottom of some of the canyons. The rain fell constantly, but the brilliant lights at Ft. Yellowstone and Hotel Mammoth gave us fresh courage as they burst into view and we descended into the last canyon singing lustily "I'm on my way to Mandalay." Finally we came to a bridge and found the Allies in a hopeless case because their car refused to budge. We couldn't help them in the rain and darkness, but said we would take them to the hotel. But they preferred to camp and we passed on, until we drove into the shelter of the great hotel driveway and unloaded our suitcases. No camp tonight for us, with soaked clothing and empty stomachs, because we had touched no food since breakfast, and now it was nearly nine o'clock at night.

They opened up the dining room and in fresh attire we enjoyed late dinner, after which we breathed intense satisfaction from the comfortable depths of the great couches and chairs in the hotel lounge, meeting some of our older friends, making new ones, discussing the events of the day, and drinking in the delightful music.

Mammoth Hot Springs is about four miles from Gardiner, the northern entrance to the park, and it is the principal town within the reservation. The great white hotel is perfectly appointed and is conducted upon a city scale of excellence. It is an enormous structure, for it must accommodate the incoming and outgoing crowds, that

travel on the Northern Pacific and use the northern or principal entrance to the park.

I saw the same party of tourists here, that had spent the previous night at the Canyon hotel. We had seen all and much more than they had seen that day, because their route took them along the inner circle only, while we had scaled Mt. Washburn. We had also put our brakes out of service and burned out a bearing, but along the same road we came upon large cars in similar distress and they were awaiting aid. It puts a fearful test on cars to tour among the mountains and we were all agreed that our choice for another trip like this would still be Fords, because they "ramble right along," are easy to repair, and the parts, if broken, which seldom happens, may always be replaced without great inconvenience. "And another thing, boys," Parker said that night before retiring, "these little cars stand for all sorts of abuse and treatment which would humiliate the larger machines, and that reminds me, when we go over to Gardiner tomorrow after that bearing we have ordered from Livingstone, I must get some lard or Crisco, because I emptied our last can of Crisco into Betsey's differential this morning after breakfast, and we can't have any more biscuits until we buy some lard."

"Was Betsey running all day on Crisco?" queered Clark, "for if that is true I am willing to take your advice Doc and eat one meal a day, from now henceforth. If a Ford can do that well on Crisco, once a day, a Clark ought to manage somehow to eat enough one morning to last him until the next. Watch me reduce!"

#### **Thursday, September 3.**

Early this morning Clark and Parker drove over to Gardiner and received the Ford part from Livingstone, took in the sights, remembered all they saw and returned during the afternoon. They say the Northern Pacific station at Gardiner is beautiful and the Park entrance most attractive with the great stone gateway above which is inscribed the legend. Directly west of the entrance they saw the reddish cone of Electric Peak 11,000 feet high, which gets its name from the magnetic disturbance it creates. One mile from Gardiner is Gardiner Canyon, on the road to Mammoth and not far from the last named place the waters from the great hot springs flow into Gardiner River. They then climbed six hundred feet in a mile and found themselves back at Mammoth Hot Springs, where at the parking place for cars, the necessary repairs were made, but not until so late in the afternoon that we considered it useless to depart until next day.

This is the social and administrative headquarters of the Park. The soldiers are here, the post office is here, and there are interesting curio stores. Just a mile south within a corral is a herd of twenty-seven buffalo, and on the road to Gardiner a large bunch of antelope galloped in front of them for some distance, finally seeking the leafy covert of the forest. The antelope are frequently seen in the streets of Gardiner, and during hard winters forage is provided for them, also for the deer and elk when they come down from the mountains in search of food.

The great feature at Mammoth Hot Springs, is the remarkable lime-



"WATCH ME REDUCE"



Clark thought if Betsey could run all day on Crisco, he could manage on one meal a day. Behold "Kewpie" after losing fifteen pounds.





stone formation, known as the terraces. Starting in at Liberty Cap, which is an extinct hot spring cone we ascend into the first terrace, to a height of a hundred feet, then up to Pupit Terrace. The boiling water from the hot springs, carrying a deposit carbonate of lime forms a coating over these peculiar formations which rise one above the other in several acres of crusty surface, as it pours over the circular edges, creates an iridescent effect in the most delicate tracery imaginable. The great springs seem to boil constantly, but the bubbles seen are only escaping gas.

These great craters forming through the ages, as a result of some awful subterranean upheaval loom high above the hotel and the fort buildings, and it takes all morning to view their varied wonders. New springs are constantly bubbling forth and the tourist must choose his path with caution because the surface beneath his feet covers mysterious caves, and rings hollow to the footfall. Below these are surely vast caldrons which produce the steam and gases, and send the boiling water to the outer air. It is fascinating but terrifying, and most uncanny of all the freak formations here is the Devil's Kitchen, a deep depression, into which you may descend into sulphurous fumes, the while it hotter grows.

We were glad to stand once more upon the broad parade-ground below and view the color-scheme of the chalk-cliffs from a safe distance.

Another large party at the hotel tonight, but the crowds are thinning rapidly this week and there will be fewer yet the next, because after September 15, no tourist is permitted to enter the Park, and on September 19, the hotels will all be closed. "I look for snow tonight," said an old attendant at the hotel, "and if it comes there will be a great exodus from the Park."

We Warrensburgers exchanged glances for before breakfast tomorrow morning we plan to leave for Old Faithful, through geyserland, and if it snows, or even rains it will seriously interfere with the trip. We retired early, however, to dream of all the wonders which surrounded us, of roads that hang twixt earth and sky, of tire and engine troubles, of waterfalls and boiling springs, and Mississippi bubbles.

#### **Friday, September 4.**

At an early hour this morning, before the hotel began to show much signs of life, we were astir and on our way towards the Norris Geyser Basin, twenty miles distant. The road led up into the mountains and we were soon enveloped in a cloud, so that the Silver Gate and Hoodoo Rocks could hardly be appreciated. A little farther on is Golden Gate, where a concrete viaduct supports the highway, and all along are points of particular interest and beauty which were obscured in the mist. Seven miles out we emerged upon a clearing, and concluded to stop and get our breakfast. As we drove in among the trees, we discovered three tents and camp fires, at one of which the Allies were huddled over their morning meal.

We recognized the little roadster near a dog-tent as belonging to two splendid young fellows from Salt Lake City we had previously encountered, and they invited us to use their bed of coals, but we unpacked the gasoline stove and soon had coffee, eggs and bacon. The

Salt Lake boys were Dean Rossiter and Wesley Young and we were destined to become good friends. They were out on a fishing trip and were clever sportsmen, congenial companions and thorough gentlemen.

After breakfast we hurriedly packed, because we must not be on the road when the coaching parties start from the permanent camp, near-by, and soon the day grew brighter. We passed Appollinaris Springs and then came to a mountain of hard, black glass, from which the Indians used to make arrow heads. This is Obsidian Cliff and opposite is Beaver Lake, with a long dam. Then came Roaring Mountain which up to thirteen years ago was covered with heavy pine timber, but is now a steaming furnace. On past the Twin Lakes is the Frying Pan, a sizzling hot spring, and over there among the trees we see vast clouds of white steam rising over an extended area, and we seemed to be approaching a great factory town, but as someone has said all this activity comes from the "workshops of Nature's underworld". We are at last among the far-famed geysers, which we first heard of back in the old Geography days. A hot spring boils and bubbles; a geyser shoots steam and water into the air, sometimes to great heights. We inspect the Minute Man, Constant and others, learn that many geysers are constantly changing their location, draw timidly near the Black Growler, see the water spout twenty feet into the air and then recede into the crater, take in the awesome sounds and sights that here abound and look into the beautiful clear pools where faint shades blend in harmony and striking contrast with the vivid tints that now gleam through the water.

From Norris it is twenty miles to the Lower Geyser Basin, up through the Gibbon Canyon, past the falls eighty feet high, after which we descend to the Firehole River and its cascades, then beyond the Fountain Hotel, across a flat to the Mammoth Paint Pots, right at the roadside, where in a basin forty by sixty feet the mixture of minerals, mud and water, boils unceasingly.

The Excelsior Geyser in 1888 threw water and rock several hundred feet in the air, over into the Firehole River, then quit its meanness and has slumbered ever since, but in those days the area round about was known as Hell's Half Acre. There are many active spouters here now, however, including the Great Fountain Geyser. Besides the geysers, there are the most wonderful pools and small lakes, chief of which is the Morning Glory Spring, about twenty feet across and twice as deep with the rarest golden tints at the outer edge, deepening into blue, most exquisite in changing color, beyond my powers to describe. We are now approaching the Upper Geyser Basin where within three hundred acres are to be found the greatest geysers in all the world, including the Riverside, the Sawmill, the Grand, the Giant, Giantess, Lion and Old Faithful, along with scores of smaller and less interesting members of this great group, but among them all, Old Faithful is the favorite, for he can always be counted on doing the right thing at the right time.

We drove past the station and up toward the great gables of that most remarkably constructed hotel, the Old Faithful Inn, having concluded to spend the afternoon here and then double back to Fountain, whence the road led west to the Yellowstone (Mont.) entrance,



where we would rest at night, and start toward Salt Lake City, three hundred miles to the south, on Saturday morning.

After visiting a few of the fifty-seven varieties on exhibition we learned that Old Faithful, which gives hourly displays, was almost due, and we hastened to witness this wonder. They call it the tourists' friend, because it is unfailing. It throws great quantities of water more than a hundred feet in the air, not so high as some others but with prompt regularity.

Dr. Parker was called from here to look at a very sick boy, down by the bathing pool, and found him to be in a dangerous stage of appendicitis. He advised Mr. Brothers, the boy's uncle that the little chap, who was only eleven, and constantly calling for his mother, should be taken to his home in Salt Lake City at once, for an operation and hospital attention, so we planned to take the lad to Yellowstone Mont. that very afternoon, that he might be in the hospital next morning. The strict regulations, however, prevented us from leaving that station until evening, with the cars, and at the earnest solicitation of the uncle, Dr. Parker accompanied them in a hack to Yellowstone.

In the meantime, the scribe had given his injured knee a frightful twist by slipping in one of Old Faithful's rivulets, and after lunch at the Inn, it had grown constantly worse, until he finally was compelled to go to bed and secure the service of a nurse. A visiting doctor was called in and the pain was finally reduced, but there was no thought of leaving the park now, until the following morning, until it was learned that, if we waited over night, we could not get out until the next evening.

So the scribe was carried down stairs and placed in the touring car with Hout driving, while Clark and Christopher, the latter at the wheel, rode in Betsey. Soon it began to rain and near the Fountain Hotel the lights were turned on. A few miles farther we noticed our lights growing dim, until finally, despite effort and persuasion, they failed entirely and we found ourselves in a sad predicament, with twenty miles of mountain road to traverse. It was about this time that we realized we were off the road, and but for meeting a belated camping party, there is no telling how far north we might have wandered. At last we got back on the trail and Hout said, "We go no farther. I cannot drive in the dark, and wont try." To myself who huddled faint and trembling on the rear seat this was at once a welcome and unwelcome announcement, because while fearing we might land in the river which rushed along by the side of the road, and feeling that my game leg would fare but poorly in an upset, still the prospect of an all night camp in the rain didn't appeal particularly to my fevered imagination, for I was racked with pain and would have given a good deal for a warm, comfortable bed. After a short parley, we concluded to follow close behind the roadster, which luckily had a clear glass in the tail-lamp and on through the rain we went, counting the mile-posts until the lights of the Oregon Short Line Station gleamed through the night, and about twelve o'clock we arrived in the raw little settlement known as Yellowstone, Mont, where tourists from Salt Lake City and Ogden are transferred from the trains to park wagons.

We found that Parker had tired of waiting and had gone to bed

up close under the roof of the little hotel, and then we insisted that we must have supper. The injured leg, strange to say, had quit hurting, and the scribe was conscious of nothing except the pangs of hunger for it had been eleven hours since we had lunched in that interesting and truly wonderful Old Faithful Inn, a marvel in rustic architecture and in the wood-workers' handiwork, built of logs, and roughly finished, with a huge stone chimney in the center, and fire places facing four ways. This is a triumph in its particular style and the Union Pacific which controls the hotel monopoly in the Park, reproduced this deservedly famous hostelry in its exhibit at the Frisco Fair this year.

At half-past midnight's holy hour we sat down to cold roast beef, eggs, milk and coffee, and did full justice to the splendid effort of our landlord who prepared the meal, while Clark told us that henceforth we must address him as "Colonel." "Why this sudden elevation?" we inquired. He then explained that as he sat in a comfortable seat on the veranda at Old Faithful Inn that afternoon two ladies accosted him and said they were from Indiana. "That is my native state, ladies. I am greatly pleased to meet you," said Clark, as he rose and bowed with courtly grace. "Can I serve you in any way?" and he beamed upon them one of his "pure vici-kid, in blue, black or bronze, hand-turned soles, warranted not to rip, ravel or run down at the heel" smiles "Would it be all right if we picked a few of those flowers to send back home?" asked one of the ladies. "You look so nice and accommodating we thought you wouldn't refuse," and she indicated some pretty blue-fringed gentians which are abundant in the low, moist meadows of the Park. "Ladies, so far as I am concerned you may pluck as many of those dainty blossoms as you like. I adore those delicate flowers, which are so common here, yet always rare. Notice the petals fringed as fine as threaded lace, and the wonderfully blue shades, which rival the azure in yonder sky. Ah! ladies, I do not wonder that you crave to gather such flowers. Do you know that those dear little blossoms bright with autumn dew, and colored with the heaven's own blue have been the inspiration of many bright poetic fancies. One poet calls it 'the lonely gentian' because in some climates it is not only rare, but blossoms late in the year. 'In matchless beauty, tender and serene, the gentian reigned, an undisputed queen,' says one, while in William Cullen Bryant's "November" we find these lines 'And the blue gentian-flower, that in the breeze nods lonely, of her beauteous race, the last.' Why, ladies, I could discuss the fringed gentian until all these you now admire fold their lids, and steal away to dewy slumber, and even until the light of another day succeeds the keen and frosty night, but if you want them I shall not detain you longer."

"Why, Colonel, I didn't know soldiers were so full of sentiment. You are a perfect dear, Colonel, and-er-ah, Colonel, we shall never forget you" and they sallied forth, while Christopher who had been studying the manner in which the rustic Inn was constructed, with visions of a new lodge on Bristle Ridge, let out a yell that scared Old Faithful into action two minutes ahead of time, and penetrated to the room above where Hout and the kindly Canadian nurse were ministering to the suffering scribe.

The Hoosier ladies had mistaken Kewpie Clark for Colonel Bretts,



DRUDGERY OF DISHWASHING



"After a night in camp and a breakfast on Parker farm sausage, it was more or less humiliating to be compelled to do this. But as may be noted, it was done with neatness and celerity."





the commanding officer at Ft. Yellowstone. That's what a natty suit of khaki will do for a Missouri shoe dealer.

### Saturday, September 5.

Saturday may be a busy day in some towns but it was "mighty quiet" around the village of Yellowstone when we started southwest through the pine forests this morning. The train of Pullmans which arrived at dawn from Salt Lake was emptied of nearly two-hundred tourists, and there was considerable commotion as they climbed into the coaches provided, but when the last yellow park wagon had departed there was nothing left for us to look at, and we made haste to get away.

There was somewhat of sadness when we left, because Marion Christopher had decided to take advantage of the opportunity and shortened distance by going to Wallace and Cour d' Alene, Idaho, to visit his relatives, and he would remain several hours at Yellowstone before the train left for Pocatello, where he changed cars. So, although we would see our comrade within a week at Salt Lake, we regretted the separation, especially since he must spend the day in that lonely little settlement.

The young men from Salt Lake, Rossiter and Young, led the way and for several hours we followed the trail through the mountains until we came upon a few prosperous looking ranch houses, then on through the woods to the north fork of the Snake River. Away to the right we could see the buildings on the great ranch of Mrs. E. H. Harriman, who was spending the summer there with her family and a few eastern friends, then we followed the river until our guides drove through a gate and in a short time we were at the attractive mountain lodge, known as the Utaida Rod and Gun Club, a rustic retreat located in a veritable hunter's paradise, where a fisherman cannot fail in his luck, and where the atmosphere is cool, delicious, pungent with the odor of pines. Right by the lodge flows the Snake River, twenty miles to the east is Yellowstone Park, a few miles further south looms the great Teton range, a spur of the Rockies and just over that range is the famous Jackson Hole country, known far and wide as the haunt of big game.

The Utaida Club, which gets its name from Utah and Idaho, is managed by Al Neiss, who is connected with a big clothing store at Salt Lake City. The establishment is in direct charge of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Niess during the summer, and all the year round it is the home of the oldest brother, John, a hunter and trapper, who for years has lived among the snows, a character well worth knowing, versed in wood-craft and wild animal lore, with snow shoes, skis, a dog sled and a team of dogs as evidence of his activity during the long cold winters, which he passes solitary in this remote region.

The main building which is of log consists of an immense living hall with a great fire-place. The walls are hung with antlers and various trophies of the chase, while in the floor great bear-heads snarl through open teeth, and here and there are skins of other fierce nomads of the woods, with stuffed water-fowl in profusion. Opening from this hall are bed rooms, additional sleeping quarters are provided in cabins near by so that upon occasion many guests may find accommodation at this most delightful resort.

About three o'clock the wanderers were called to dinner, and before that meal was finished we voted a medal to Mrs. Niess who prepared it. There was a large platter of trout, browned to a turn, and a big duck besides; there were sweet potatoes and fresh beans with celery, just brought up from Salt Lake by Al Niess who drove in from the railroad station at Island Park, fourteen miles, that same day with Trapper John. Then there was pie, milk and coffee, and after dinner all save Dr. Parker dozed on the river bank and heard stories of the woods from the Neiss brothers and Frank Frantz, a Salt Lake City police officer, who was taking his vacation up there among the pines. Parker was eager to try his skill at angling and Jefferson Wyrick, known as "the Greenville Kid," traveling president of the United Order of the Sons of Rest, a tramp who is proud of his profession, and a wanderer upon the face of the earth, was his companion. I see them now in the flat boat with the Kid "poling" slowly up the Snake, and Jerry industriously whipping the water with his line, with now and then a "strike" followed by the gleam of a salmon-trout in the sunlight. Both stood erect and we watched them until they disappeared behind a bend in the stream. When they returned two hours later with a nice catch it was "Doc" and "Jeff," so quickly does acquaintance drift to familiarity between those who find themselves alone in a boat with piscatorial zeal as their common inspiration.

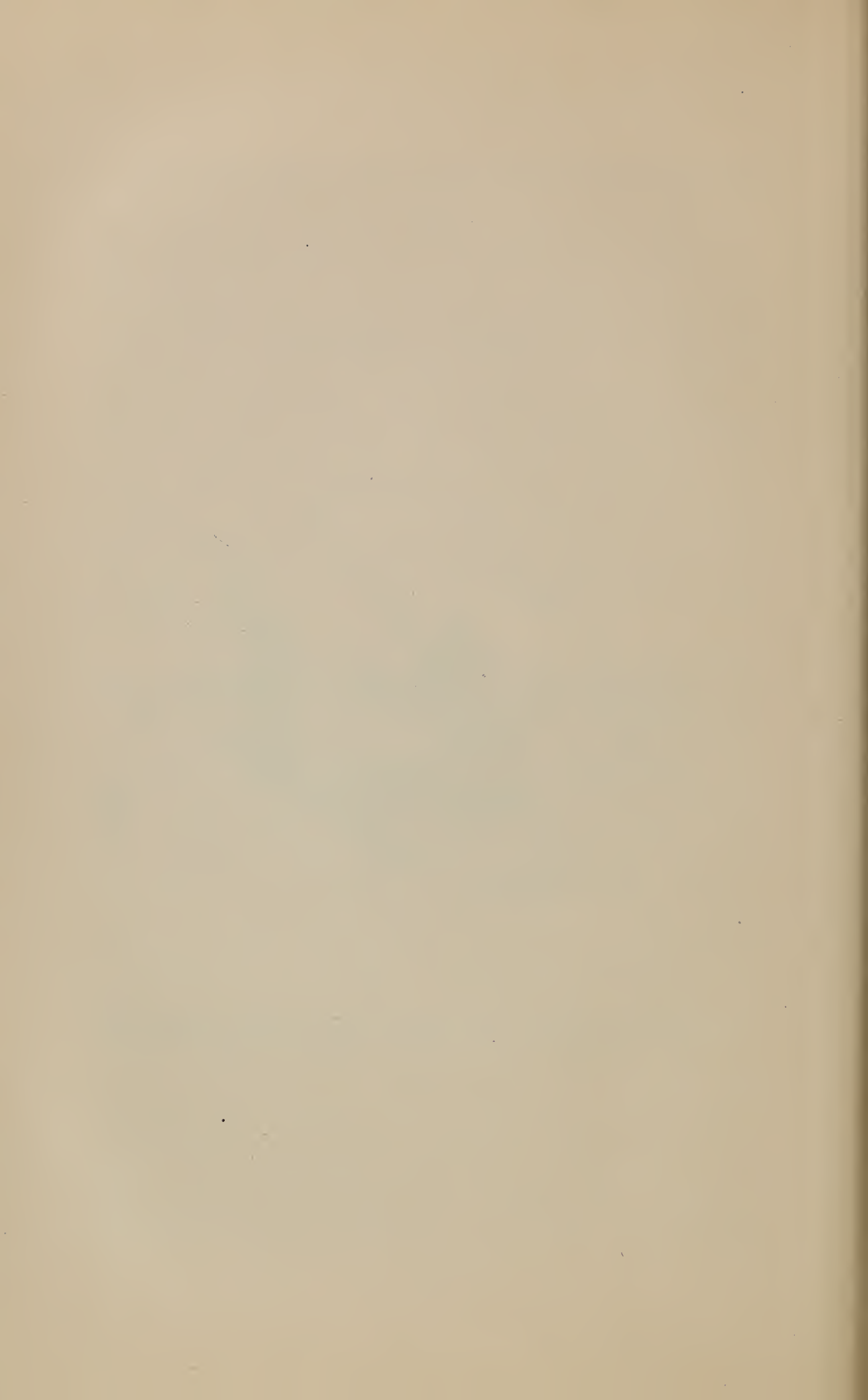
Wyrick was one of the most interesting characters we encountered on the trip. That evening he told us something of his story. He has seen the world with the eyes of intelligence, but with the heart of a man who feels that humanity is against him. He is one of a great army of tramps and the seamy-side of life is an old story to the Kid. He hails from Greenville, Mich., and claims to have been badly treated in his tender years. He served a sentence in a Reformatory "merely because my step-father wanted to be rid of me" and became imbued with resentment toward his family; he has nothing but condemnation for reform schools and is also lacking in respect for all those in authority and places of influence; he is sure no man can become very wealthy by honorable means and says that in all his life he has never stooped to theft; he has roamed through every state and all over Mexico, and at one time wore the uniform of Uncle Sam's soldiers; he keeps a diary which we read with interest, and talks so interestingly of his adventures on the road that we were forced to compliment his memory—or his imagination, we hardly knew which; he had tramped from the Pacific coast during the summer and having stopped at the lodge two days before we arrived, he was employed to assist in the farm work. He thought he would "spend the winter in the snow" and hoped they would let him stay. (But the day after we left he yielded to the wanderlust, and six weeks later showed up in Warrensburg, having "run down from Kansas City with a friendly train crew, just to see you fellows again." We outfitted him and he returned to Kansas City with the expressed intention of "going to Chicago on the Wabash" and then to his old home for a few days.) Wyrick says he was elected president of the Sons of Rest at Montreal; that thousands do his bidding; that he nipped in the bud a plot, which he overheard, to kidnap Mrs. E. H. Harriman in September, as she traveled from her ranch to the distant railroad



FISHING ON SNAKE RIVER



"When they returned two hours later (Parker and the traveling president of the Sons of Rest) it was "Doc" and "Jeff" so quickly does acquaintance drift to familiarity, with piscatorial zeal as the common inspiration."



station, and that he intends to devote himself to the task of persuading Congress that deserters from the army, who leave because of improper treatment should receive full pay for the time of their enlistment. He is "some Kid" and also a "kidder" but we feel that the trip wouldn't have been complete, had contact with this unique personality been denied us, and Doc would never have caught those fish.

The spruce boughs thrown on the great logs blazed and crackled merrily that evening and we all enjoyed the experience. Mrs. Niess and her bright little eight-year old daughter sat with us awhile; Trapper John went to his shack in the yard at dusk; the pine trees murmured and moaned as their tall tops bent together caressingly and the tired lads from Salt Lake went out to sleep with the squirrels, in their little army tent. One by one the group around the fire dispersed, the policeman finally grew tired of spinning yarns and we four found ourselves alone, dreaming of future days when we might return to linger for weeks perhaps up here where "Nature's heart beats strong amid the hills" where her voice is clear and inspiring and her handiwork so magnificent that it requires but one glance at the varied majesty to convince us that the "course of Nature is the art of God."

And as we drowsed along to Slumbertown on those truly wonderful beds in the rooms adjoining the big hall, we could see the reflection of light from the fire-place, take comfort in the cheer that blazed on the hearth, and go to sleep with thoughts of a quiet, comfortable Sunday, little dreaming that Clark would actually go grouse-hunting and shatter the stillness of the Sabbath air with my own shot-gun which up to that time had not been removed from its case. Well, Clark did, and he didn't, but for a few minutes he had Hout badly fooled as will appear later.

#### **Sunday, September 6.**

There was no hurry about getting up today, for as we had been told there would be no dinner before three o'clock, we preferred breakfast as late as possible. About ten o'clock the Salt Lake boys packed for departure and we promised to see them when we should arrive at Utah's lovely capital. We hung our bedding, which had become soaked for the 'steenth time, in the Park, out on lines to dry and some of the boys tinkered with the cars, which had been neglected for several days, getting them ready for the journey which we would soon resume.

There was talk of going out for a hunt with Al Niess and we concluded to wait over at the Utaida for two or three days in order to satisfy the sporting blood of Hout and Parker, who longed for a try at big game. In the early morning deer had been seen just across the river and the evening before through glasses we could distinguish two elk far down the stream on the opposite shore. Al said he was going out after an elk and that the boys could accompany him, but of course, he, having a state license must do all the shooting. This conversation was carried on in loud language, so that we might all grasp the idea. Far be it from Parker or Hout to slay any game without a certificate of privilege! Perish the thought!

Along about twelve o'clock, Al passed the lodge, on horseback and



said he was going to look at some hay on the Harriman ranch. I noticed that he carried a shot-gun across his saddle, and he explained that he might get a shot at some ducks. During the next hour, the little Niess girl, whose name I am sorry to have forgotten, kept me busy pounding out Sunday School tunes on the piano which stood near the window and Clark, who wouldn't stand for our crude attempt at music, sought a hammock just outside the door, where he lay at peace with the world, his face to the sun, his thoughts with the dear little geysers just over the mountains in Yellowstone Park. Leslie Hout was working on the cars, and it is to be supposed that Parker and the tramp were exchanging confidences and telling fish stories somewhere about the place.

Finally the little girl called my attention to a scene that was being enacted just outside the window. Her uncle Al had returned and a grouse was hanging from his saddle. We saw Harry Clark inspecting the bird and then he took it and disappeared.

Let us remember the first scene and now picture the second: Clark rushing hastily through the back yard finds Hout at the cars, "Give me a shot gun quick. I saw some grouse fly into the trees about two hundred yards from the house."—Nervously, Hout searches for Crossley's gun, tears of the seal placed on it by the soldiers, loads it and with a "God bless you, my boy" watches Clark disappear in the shade of the sheltering pines..

Scene 3—All faces turned toward the north as two shots are heard. Watchers stand expectant and even the Snake River pauses in its wriggly course through Idaho. Hout is sure Clark has killed a grouse. Crossley, within the house, knows not that Clark has secured the gun, and fears that Parker and the Traveling President of the Sons of Rest have disagreed with fatal results. In the kitchen and dining room, in a building apart, Mrs. Niess looks up from dinner preparations and out at the barn, Al, who is "putting up" the big black horse, smiles broadly for he is "wise" to the entire game, and has seen every move

Scene 4—Heavy tramping on the porch at front of house—door thrown open by "Colonel" Clark, who strides into living hall, gun in hand and grouse at side. "The hunter gets the game, don't he?" and he proudly holds up the bird before the scribe and the little girl, who exchange glances, and laugh heartily when the mighty hunter departs through the rear door.

Scene 5—Clark out between lodge and barn showing Hout what he has killed. Business of describing just how the bird flew and fell. More business illustrating actions of another grouse which was wounded but escaped. Hout listens in unaffected pleasure and examines the slain grouse.

Scene 6—Table spread for dinner, with grouse as principal decorations, encircled by fried trout—Clark smiling broadly, for tenth time tells how he killed the grouse—others begin to smile and little girl standing at kitchen door giggles audibly.—Doubt is expressed, then accusations are made, followed by complete exposure of the entire plot. Curtain.

It was Clark who suggested that we drive to Ashton this evening because "there's nothing to this hunting business and we may get

into trouble." So we finally said good-bye to Utaida and set out for Ashton late in the afternoon. But the hunting fever had fired the blood of Hout and Parker, and they determined not to leave the mountains until they had taken a shot at something worth while. And thereby hangs a tale.

**Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, September 7, 8 and 9.**

Ashton, Idaho, is the last of the new towns that has risen out of the sage brush in the upper Snake River Valley. It is seventy miles from the western entrance of Yellowstone and nearly thirty miles south of the Utaida Rod and Gun Club. We climbed the divide yesterday evening and before sunset we arrived at the pass. Behind us rose the wooded mountain sides. Yonder to the southeast is the great Teton peak, snow-capped. Before us far as vision reaches lies the irrigated farming country, fields yellow with harvest, green with sugar beets and alfalfa, orchards laden with red apples, herds of cattle in relief against the high green pasture lands, and on the mountain sides to right and left far above the valley, broad wheat fields show in golden patches, proving that dry-farming, under correct methods can be made to pay. Down the mountain side we swung, then descending toward the river, we finally crossed a bridge, not far from where we saw the porcupine, and past fine farm homes into the town of Ashton. The view of this rich valley from the mountains is truly wonderful, but its delights were not unmixed with sadness, for we were leaving behind us the eternal hills and the woods, and were loath to break the spell, to snap the bonds asunder which held us among those alluring, entrancing, satisfying regions, where the earth appears almost as fresh and young as when the morning stars first sang together. "Two Voices are there," says Wordsworth, "one is of the sea, one of the mountains; each a mighty Voice." And the Voice of the mountains called upon us last night to return, so I was not surprised this morning when Hout and Parker said they were going back, if Al would take them hunting.

It was agreed therefore that Clark and the scribe should journey down the valley to Idaho Falls, and make themselves at home, while Doc and Leslie drove Betsey back to Utaida, across the divide once more. Al Neiss was called by telephone and told the boys to come back and go hunting that night, so with hope high in their hearts they turned northeast once more, while Clark and myself in the touring car headed south for Idaho Falls, seventy miles distant.

We passed through St. Anthony, where the Snake River is practically emptied by a great irrigation project, on down through the broad valley teeming with the abundance of its crops, through Sugar City, with its great refinery, and Rexburgh with its crowds at the county fair, past Rigby, with fine roads all along until about two o'clock we arrived at the very progressive, very beautiful city of Idaho Falls, with its fine public buildings, paved streets, boulevard lights, attractive stores and well dressed people. It is about the size of Warrensburg, but is a great deal more like New York, and as we were shown to our rooms at the hotel, "Not so bad, not so bad," we said and once again after many days we were collared and cravated, shined and sheared, with plans already maturing to go to a picture show. So soon was the call of the wild forgotten!



Then we began to meet folks we knew. And they knew us. "Could it have been the clothes?" we asked each other. Many times before we had thought we recognized people but they simply couldn't "see" us and we know now it was because they were ashamed of our appearance. Its different here.

Comes first, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. McConnell, formerly of Holden, with a hearty greeting. They have just moved here from Boise, and Mr. McConnell is taking charge of a big lumber yard. Just across from our hotel, in a big business building that would do credit to a city of 20,000, and Idaho Falls has many such structures, is the Idaho Register, with its splendidly equipped publishing and printing plant. At its head is Marshall B. Yeaman, a former well known young Missourian, who came out here several years ago and is now one of Idaho's leading citizens. His father, Mr. Sam Yeaman, formerly of Boone county, now editorial writer on the Register, is a son of the late Dr. W. Pope Yeaman, one of Missouri's great Baptist preachers. We are indebted to Marshall Yeaman for many courtesies. At Idaho Falls the Warrensburg Normal is represented in the high school by Miss Nelson, of Green Ridge, Pettis county, and we also found here Mrs. Bucklen, formerly Miss Cora Newcomer of Warrensburg.

Missouri has contributed many of Idaho's leading citizens which perhaps accounts for the pleasing impression we received of its people. In every town there are former residents of this state and at Boise, with its handsome new capital, Governor Moses Alexander, formerly of Chillicothe, a brother of Mrs. Henry Rosenthal of Warrensburg, sits in the executive chair, first of the Hebrew race to achieve that honor in an American commonwealth.

Idaho was formerly known as "a country that God forgot;" today it blooms with every evidence of prosperity. The desolation of olden days is but a memory, for those deserts have given way to splendid farm lands, orchards and a wealth of products. Eight hundred miles through Idaho twists the Snake River, and along its territory dwells most of the state's 400,000 population. Crop failure is unknown here, because of irrigation which has transformed the parched lands into gardens of plenty. The science of agriculture is reduced to a certainty in Idaho, and modern farm machinery, with business methods has brought the state abreast of the leaders in the great northwest. It is a great grain producing state, it leads in hay and potatoes, it has surpassed old Missouri in lead production and its varied industries bring in rich returns to its thriving, contented citizens. And in all the state there is scarcely a better town than Idaho Falls, with its wonderful commercial activity which makes it the greatest outbound shipping point on the Oregon Short Line, including Ogden and Salt Lake City. Idaho Falls is probably the best lighted city of its size in America, and its cognomen, "Spotless Town" is well deserved, for never, outside of Germany, have I seen a cleaner city.

The reader will pardon this diversion, because these "impressions" are a part of the "hike" which cannot be ignored in the chronicle. Our stay at the Falls was most delightful and we were in no haste to leave, when Hout and Parker, bloody and begrimed, hungry and unshorn, arrived from the Utaida Club, about three o'clock Wednesday afternoon.



with a big box of fresh meat in Betsey's basement and a long story of their short but thrilling hunt. They will have to be seen for particulars as the scribe is unwilling to hazard his reputation for veracity in these closing pages of the story. Suffice to say they were enthusiastic and talked in awesome whispers of their night in the woods, with Al Neiss and Frank Frantz. "We drove a few miles from the lodge, which we left at four o'clock, and before dark, the game was down. Next morning in the early dawn, up to our knees from the chilly waters of the Snake we dragged out the game and dressed it for the Utaida pantry. A small portion we have brought along and tonight you shall feast." This much and more they told us of that hunting jaunt, and of the long night of excitement and story telling that ensued in the little shack which sheltered them. There were strange tales and true ones, the best of which is about old Jim, the black horse we had all seen at the Club. It was told by Al who loves old Jim dearly, and the salient features of the story are here given:

"You boys wonder why I think so much of old Jim that I pet him and feed him sugar," said Al Neiss, manager of the Utaida Club, as he stretched his legs before the fire that night after the hunt, while the two Missourians, Parker and Hout, with Officer Frantz of the Salt Lake police department, turned to listen. "I'll tell you all about that black horse and when I'm through you will not wonder that I love him," and Al's eyes glistened as unshed tears caught the light from the spruce logs in the chimney. "Several years ago I bought a fine black team of Hambletonians at Salt Lake, for which I paid five hundred dollars. They were beautiful animals and I was quite proud of them. They came by express to our little station of Island Park and were greatly admired by all who saw them. You know there are some wonderfully good teams in Yellowstone and perhaps noticed that they are all well-conditioned, fat and sleek like circus horses. Well, my Hambletonians were world beaters and when winter approached I took them down to Ashton where they would get proper attention, for our winters up here in the mountains are tough on man and beast, and feed was scarce that year.

"An army lieutenant, stationed at Ft. Yellowstone, was going into the Park late that fall with necessary supplies and was one team short. He should have gone in and brought out a team, but instead he wired to me at Salt Lake for permission to use my blacks, and I couldn't refuse him. But he promised to have the horses back at Ashton before the snows, and this he failed to do, for on the return trip before they reached the outer boundary of the Park there came a heavy snow and my horses were left to shift for themselves without feed except as they could gather it from the shrubs and vegetation between the rocks of the canyon in which they were imprisoned.

"I heard of the danger to the team and ordered a rescue party out from Ashton, but they were baffled by the fierce cold and heavy snow which filled the passes and failed to get the horses out, although they located them, and reported that the poor beasts were standing on a ledge with only their heads showing above the snow. A trapper in that vicinity knew of the horses' sad plight, but had nothing for them to eat and they couldn't last much longer.

"Then I came up here myself and determined to save them, so hired three men at \$2.50 a day to go with me. We made the long, hard trip on snow shoes and never do I expect to make such a trying, hazardous journey again. Our equipment was light and we took some oats in our pockets. One day we only made five miles, but at last we reached the cabin of the trapper, and learned that one of the horses had succumbed to cold and starvation. But Jim was yet alive, saved perhaps by the old blanket with which the trapper had covered him, a part of his head protruding from the snow. He was standing upright, but when the snow was scraped away, collapsed in the hole we dug. A rack of bones he was, in pitiful contrast to his former condition. He had eaten nothing for more than two months, except leaves and bushes and for days had been unable to secure even this sorry sort of subsistence. I fed him a few grains of oats at a time, and we finally got him to the trapper's cabin, a mere wreck of a horse.

"Jim responded slowly to our careful treatment and we managed to secure a small supply of feed. Then we tarried at the trapper's shack, and one night I told the old man about seeing a Norwegian moving picture in which a horse wore snow shoes and moved with ease on the snows of Scandinavia. I thought no more about it, but the idea lodged in the trapper's brain and after we left, he got busy making a set of snow shoes for old Jim. Just as soon as the horse could walk again, he told me afterward, the shoes were fastened to his feet. Of course Jim fell all over himself but there was nothing else to do but try again, and in a few days he could navigate. In this way the trapper brought him down to the valley and then to Ashton. So far as I have ever heard, old Jim there, is the only horse in America that ever wore snow shoes, and I am proud to have risked my own life in saving such a splendid, faithful animal as he has been.

"The Lieutenant who caused the trouble, and violated the regulations by borrowing the team, was court-martialed and reduced to private ranks, but I had nothing to do with the trial. I heard recently that he is to be re-instated. Old Jim will always be taken care of and I have a tender spot in my heart for every horse in the world since the experience I have just related to you."

And we believe all this, for Al Neiss feels intensely and his heart beats in sympathy with every true and natural emotion. He is a fine type of western manhood, whom it is a pleasure to meet, whose hand-clasp means something, whose friendship is worth having. We are glad to have known Al Neiss, his brothers, John and Harry, and the latter's family.

But once again we are on the "hike" leaving Idaho Falls about four o'clock. Tonight at Blackfoot, where the Indians were plentiful, we stopped at a restaurant and had some of the Utaida meat prepared for our supper. It was in the form of large juicy steaks and may have been an elk tenderloin. "Then again," said Clark, "it may be deer or bear meat, but I have a suspicion that it is from one of Mrs. Harriman's fine cows which you fellows mistook for an elephant, up there in the river at dusk."

It was on this lap of the journey at a small town by the classic name of Shelley, between the Falls and Blackfoot that the scribe suf-



fered humiliation and mental anguish far in excess of that he had endured when he was almost killed by a runaway Ford. The story is a never-to-be-forgotten part of the fifty-mile run from Idaho Falls to Pocatello, where we rested that night, but it will be reserved for the next chapter, with the faint hope that I may be excused from its recital, since it will be a painful task and shocking perhaps to the reader; for it reeks with cuss-words and is lurid with the verbal brimstone of a son of Satan who runs a junk-shop to eke out his miserable existence, and breaks the monotony by heaping ridicule upon strangers who travel in Fords. And this time he jumped on a cripple.

#### Thursday, September 9.

It was our first puncture for nearly three weeks and it was caused by a tack in a tacky town. I can scarcely be blamed for this mildly critical descriptive, in the light of what happened to me, after that tire was punctured for I was also punctured, yea it was a veritable blow-out. Just as we started down Shelly's only street the tire went down and as our supply had become rather indifferent, and we were yet 175 miles from our destination, Salt Lake City, we concluded to buy a casing; so while the others changed the tire, the scribe hobbled off down the street until he came to a building, nondescript in appearance, where a sign was crudely lettered: "Auto oil and Supplize".

A bewhiskered something, almost human in appearance stood behind the counter, in a room where old furniture, harness, stoves, cheap groceries and a pile of overalls were disarranged in startling confusion, but the worst was yet to come, for two sorry looking individuals and a greasy Indian followed me inside. They were looking for excitement and were not disappointed.

"Do you sell Ford tires?" I asked after I had taken in the entire stage setting. "What?" thundered the reprobate back of the dirty show case. "Do you sell Ford tires?" I repeated. "Ford tires!" H—l, no! Wouldn't have one in my place. Far as I know there never was but one set of Ford tires in town and one day the feller left his dinky little car on the street and when he got back the blankety blank ants had d—d near dragged the blankety blank tires into their hill. It took hell-fired quick work to keep 'em from getting the whole d—d machine under-ground." Even the Indian laughed at this good joke in its rough dress, and I joined the merriment in a sickly sort of smile.

"You really haven't a casing then?" I made bold to say and then he came back with a string of oaths, winding up with the statement that nobody who had any respect for himself would drive a Ford, and that he thanked God Almighty there wasn't "one of the damned things in that neighborhood."

"Well, it's a poor little old town that doesn't keep Ford supplies" I submitted, "but I was misled by your sign. I came in here for a tire, not to be insulted." The reader will note that I was on my dignity and by exerting the imagination may see the scribe with flushed face turning towards the door, while the unkempt quartette gave me the horse-laugh. But there was another shot coming. "Blankety blank you if you don't like the way I talk, get out of my store" was his parting pleasantry, but by this time I was at the door, and soon was pounding



up the sidewalk toward the boys who were working on the car. Doc Parker first looked up when I was a block away, and I saw him point in my direction and say something, which I afterward learned was, "Wawa's mad. He hasn't got the tire but look at his face and listen to the way he pounds that crutch?" Doctors are long-distance discerners.

When I came to the group they were squatted in the dust, and Hout said, "What's the matter?" Then I told the story and they no longer squatted; they rolled over. It was the best joke of the season. Parker yelled, Hout clutched at Betsey for support and Clark wept like a child, so overcome was the entire trio at my discomfiture, and in a few minutes I was also enjoying it hugely.

Later that evening at Blackfoot the scribe was inquiring the way out of town to Pocatello, and further humiliation was heaped upon him by the reply, "Do you want to go down the track or by the wagon road?" When I told the fellows this incident they insisted that I had been mistaken for a tramp which is quite likely. That's what association will do.

It was a long, hard drive today from Pocatello to Ogden, through an uninteresting country until we crossed the Utah line, with sandy roads, one miserable hill which took time and patience to ascend, a few uninviting ranch houses, some deserted, with desolate stretches of barren lands until about three o'clock we reached Malad City and secured a good lunch.

Hout almost sold the touring car this morning at Pocatello. The only thing lacking was a buyer. Leslie was sure he had made a sale, after an hour's talk explaining the good points about old Liz, and his "prospect" said, "That's the very car we want. Wait till I can get my boss. I'm sure he will take it at \$350.00." So we delayed another hour. "She's just as good as sold, boys, and two of us can go on to Ogden by rail, meeting the others tonight." "Yes," said Clark, "we'll unpack here and ship the stuff home. I hate to see the car go, but this is a pretty fair sale and we need the money."

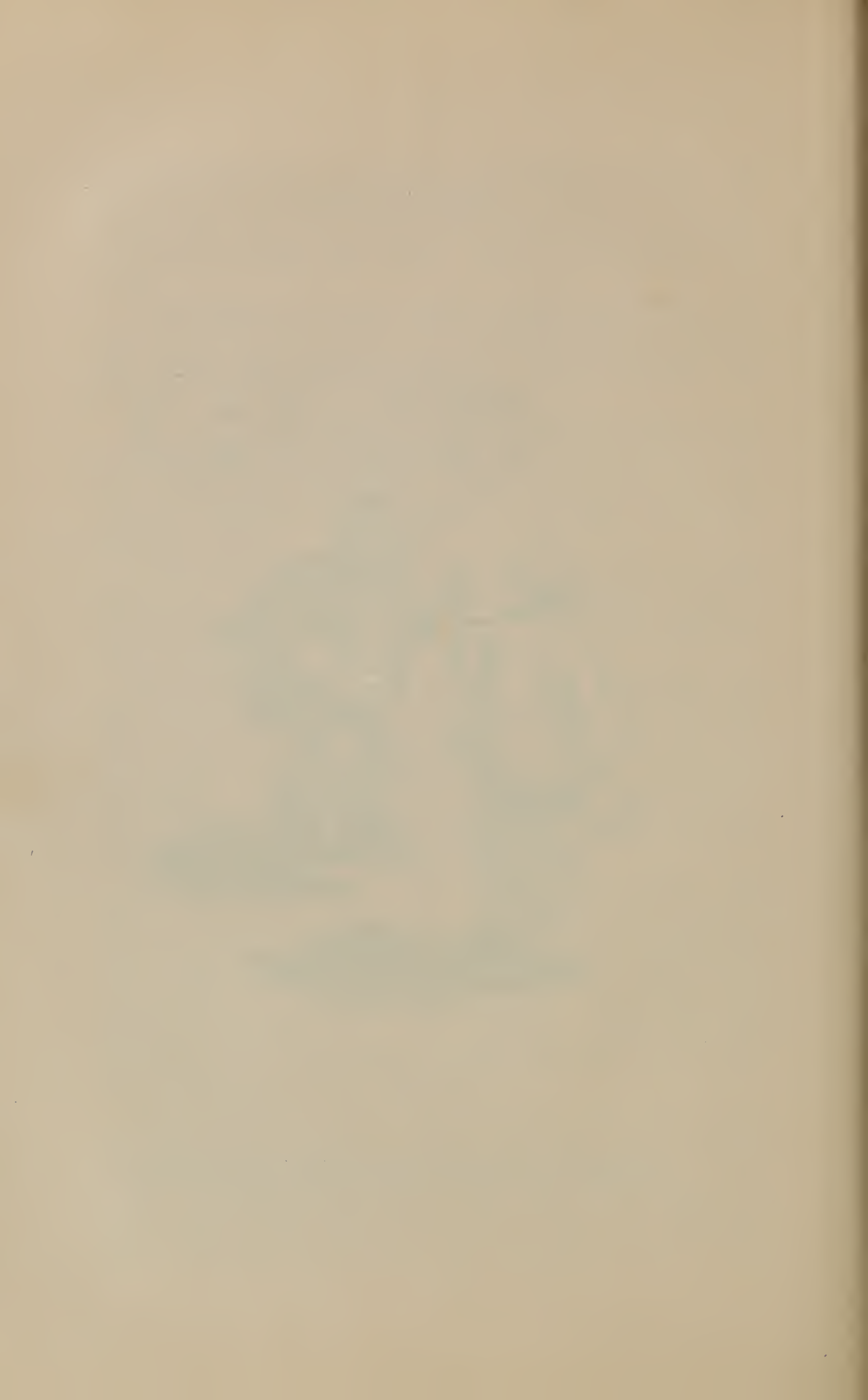
About ten o'clock the party who "wanted a Ford badly" came down to his office in front of which stood the cars. "Get in" said Hout, "I'll show you how she runs" and the big fellow climbed in after our peerless salesman. "Ain't you goin' to crank it?" asked the man to whom we thought the car was as good as sold. "She's running now," replied Clark from the ground in a stage whisper, "regular Silent Knight engine in that Ford" which was true. Up the street and back they glided and the car never ran better. "Well," said Hout, munching at a big blue plum we handed him, "Does she suit you?" "Yes," drawled the supposed buyer, "she's a good little boat but I'm not in the market for a car at present."

We had wasted two hours, Hout had made a fifty dollar talk and had almost heard the shekels jingling in his pocket, and this was the end of the dream. But we were strangers in a strange land and we didn't fight. Our caustic remarks however, bearing upon the entire incident and directed particularly toward those two Pocatellans and their friend in a black suit who arrived about that time, ruffled their tempers somewhat and they gave vent to expletives, similar to those

SHELLED AT SHELLEY



"It reeks with cuss-words, and is lurid with the verbal brimstone of a son of Satan who runs a junk-shop and breaks the monotony by heaping ridicule upon strangers who travel in Fords."





found in the picturesque, expressive vocabulary of the Shelley storekeeper, finally advising us to get out of town before they killed us. The friend in black was reaching for his hip-pocket as we pulled out, and when we reached the suburbs Parker said, "I told you all the time there was nothing doing. We have lost two hours and in all probability won't get to Ogden tonight." Clark lit his pipe and commented as follows: "I felt like kicking that big fellow in the stomach. Did you hear me tell him not to address himself further to me, that I wouldn't talk to a man that used such language? I looked him right in the eye, too." Hout didn't have much to say, having exhausted himself in his efforts to sell the car, but his countenance spoke volumes of disgust, while the scribe was content to chide his companions. "You fellows got your cussing this morning. Mine was handed to me yesterday evening."

This afternoon after leaving Malad City where we met one of the McIntosh boys, formerly of Knob Noster, we saw some nice farm and orchard lands, pulled into the attractive little city of Brigham about dark and then followed the trolley line, over a beautiful highway with many handsome homes along the route, to Ogden, twenty-two miles from Brigham. The country north of Ogden is highly prosperous and the towns are progressive. Farm lands in those valleys are most productive and it takes a good round sum to secure an acre of this Mormon territory.

Tonight we stayed at the Reed hotel and planned to see the sights in the forenoon next day, then proceed to Salt Lake City where Christopher had just arrived, where we would hear from home folks and from which we would soon turn our faces toward Warrensburg. The cars were in a garage in the same block, but we didn't realize that this was Betsey's last night on earth, for next day, alas, she blew up!

#### Friday, September 10.

This morning we were interested to note the great improvements that had taken place in Ogden, a beautiful city, since our last visit. Then we drove out to the Canyon, a most attractive place, with fine oiled roads right up through the heart of the mountains, a scenic highway de luxe, with comfortable hotels and summer houses along the way. It was after three o'clock when we started for Salt Lake, and about seven miles of the thirty-seven had been covered when Betsey broke down. I have asked Dr. Parker to immortalize this story, to place it in a niche secure from Time's effacing ravages, and to give it instantaneous favor as a "best seller" by describing in detail, and in scientific phraseology the untoward incident which marked the end of Betsey's long and useful career, and he has kindly consented. Let it be remembered that he was owner, manager and trainer, so that his poignant grief at the time of the disaster and even to this very hour, may be, in some degree, at least, appreciated.

#### "THE DEATH OF BETSEY."

This is to me a painful task, but a privilege which I esteem because Betsey was ever loyal and faithful. The night was never too dark

nor the road too long for Betsey and we were boon companions, but the best of friends must part, and at the earnest solicitation of our scribe I undertake the sad story of Betsey's untimely demise.

Kewpie Clark and myself were enjoying the salubrious atmosphere of this wonderful valley, and were smacking our lips in anticipation of the excellent dinner we would enjoy when we reached Salt Lake. Betsey never glided more smoothly than she did this afternoon over the remarkably good road from Ogden, a veritable boulevard, worthy of special mention, when suddenly there was a rattle, crash! bang! like an explosion from seventeen rapid fire guns, followed by a mighty upheaval of machinery beneath our feet. Betsey came to a sudden stop, after going seven or eight miles in as many minutes. The halt was so unexpected that Clark, who was smoking his favorite hickory pipe, bit the stem squarely in two, while I looped the loop across the steering wheel. My comrade remarked, "Doc, she's gone to the happy hunting ground", and I replied "I believe she has, let's offer up a prayer for her departed soul."

As we pondered over the tragedy up came old Liz with our fellow-travelers, Puss Hout and Newt. (By way of explanation I might add that the nomenclature "Newt" was bestowed upon our scribe after he hoboed at Hotel de Cow.) They alighted from their car, inquired as to the trouble, and we told them that judging from the noise emanating from her vitals, Betsey had shuffled off this mortal coil. We then began an investigation, an autopsy it proved for the old girl was mortally stricken. Upon removing the footboard we found the abdominal wall lacerated all the way from her chin to her patella. In nautical vernacular the old boat was split from stem to stern.

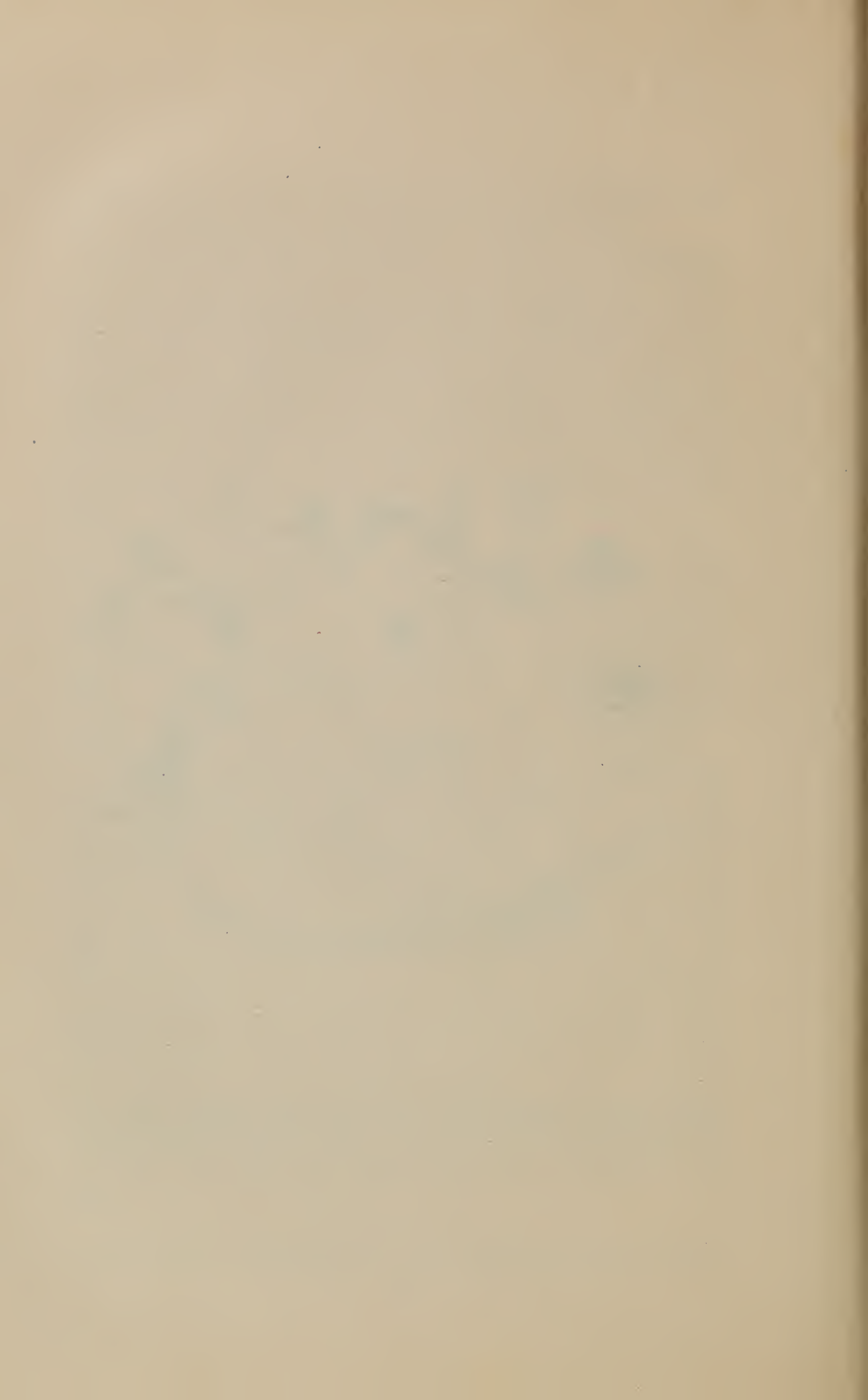
Through the gaping aperture there was a protrusion which our mechanical diagnostician, Mr. Leslie Hout, said was the end of the crank shaft, that had ploughed its way through Betsey's carcass, carrying along with the most vital part of her viscera. Her life-blood was trickling forth through this aperture, dyeing the sands; we then inspected the other side of Betsey's chest in order to ascertain the etiology of this dire malady. We found that rigor mortis had already set in and all restorative measures were of no avail. She was perfectly rigid, and no limb could be moved, no wheel would turn. We again turned to the specialist for advice, for we had discovered that the mute remains of Betsey could not be bridged. Her jaws were locked, her form stiffened. After deep thought upon the part of Hout and a dozen suggestions from our Kewpie, the rear wheels were taken off and the keys removed so that the wheels would turn on their spindles. Then with Liz in the lead, Betsey was hooked to the end of a thirty-foot rope and we proceeded toward the Mormon capital, with Clark and myself, faithful mourners, riding sadly along in our stricken Betsey, an inglorious finish to one of the best Fords that ever came down the pike. I now lay down my pen for the hand falters and the eye grows dim as I recall this pathetic scene, with its attendant heart-aches.

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The scribe is deeply affected by the fore-going, but will attempt to resume the story now drawing to a close. That was a fearsome ride to

M. F. Parker.)

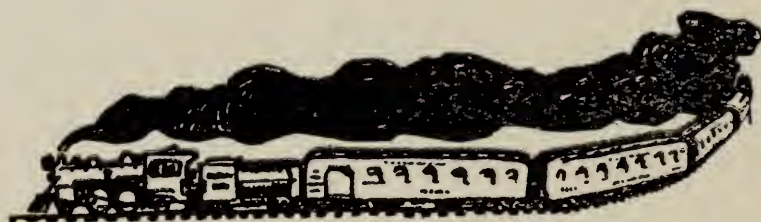




Salt Lake because of the long grades and sharp turns, and it will be remembered that there were no brakes to offset Betsey's momentum as she coasted down hill, so the rope must be kept taut, lest the dead-head car crash into our rear. Hout did the driving and I nearly dislocated my neck watching and signalling to the two who occupied the runaway hearse while fragments of song which they intended for a dirge fell upon my ear. Whenever it became necessary to stop there was nothing for Betsey to do but slide along-side, and once or twice she was away in the lead nearly capsizing old Liz. It was upon a level stretch of road that Betsey got a tack in her shoe. She had quit breathing long since; her circulation had ceased; she was being ignobly dragged to her destination, when to add insult to injury she received a puncture. The delay was short, however, and at last we came into the outskirts of the city, down past the imposing capitol, caught a motor cyclist in the arc of our circle as we turned a corner, narrowly escaping accident, then through the Eagle Gate, to the front of the great Hotel Utah, where once more Betsey nearly took the lead as she swung into the curb by the side of her pull-motor mother.

Our reception was all that could have been desired. Marion Christopher was there to greet us, and as we unloaded our luggage there were eager hands to assist. The hike was ended, and we had another big supper that night upon the last of the game from the Snake River forest. The cars were placed in a garage, and there remains but one more chapter, a sort of epilogue, to the narrative of our truly delightful outing, the recital of which has been a pleasure to the scribe, regardless of its questionable effect upon the literary tastes of those who may have honored the "hike" by following this story.

HOMeward BOUND





## EPILOGUE

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In describing certain quaint communities, which he encountered in his travels through our southern states, Washington Irving remarked that the almighty dollar, that great object of universal devotion throughout our land, seemed to have no genuine devotees in those peculiar villages. Is there remaining one of these communities? Perhaps they are to be found among the solemn silences of the bayou country, where creoles yet dwell, far from rush of modern life, with its mercenary methods, its sordid ideals, its confusing call to action, strife and competition, but a somewhat limited survey leads us to believe that those "peculiar" communities have been borne away on the tide of time, relegated to oblivion, and it is difficult for a money-mad generation to recognize the fact of their whilom existence. But there have been lives yes, let us believe that they may yet be found who never yet have bowed to Mammon, who never yet have forsworn manhood for the sake of money, who never yet have been at sufficient compromise with the sin of avarice to realize that the "jingling of the guinea helps the hurt that Honor feels."

The west was once more free-hearted, more generous, even than now. Men were weighed and accepted not in wealth, but in worth. This still maintains in many sections of that wonderful western country, but in the larger centers of population the motto seems to be "Get money; still get money, boy, no matter by what means." "Fight thou with shafts of silver, and o'ercome when no force else can get the masterdom."

Witness Salt Lake City, founded in 1847 by Brigham Young as a Zion, a haven and home of Latter Day Saints. From the "Mount of Prophecy," Ensign Peak, the Mormon leader, beheld the valley and announced to his followers "This is the place," and here they built their city, distant and apart from the rest of the world, by the shores of the inland sea. Gone is the founder, with his many wives. Gone are the hardy souls who stood by him in that great enterprise; gone is the practice of polygamy except in isolated cases; gone, too, are the higher and better ideals for which Zion's founders stood; gone even the influence of tabernacle worship, respect for the church, veneration for the costly temple, which for years dominated the municipal ensemble, but which now in the shadow of the great Hotel Utah looks like "the little church around the corner."

Salt Lake City is beautiful and its growth is remarkable. Ten years ago it was to me a most attractive little city, with its wide, well-watered streets, its mountainous back-ground, its reminders of early days, its unusual history. Ten years ago I found myself suddenly rich in Salt Lake City; I came into great possessions all at once, by buying a newspaper and reading my name among the list of those who had drawn claims in the Uintah reservation, opened that summer, the estimated value of the homesteads being from \$50,000 down to \$5,000.

My name was among the first and everybody told me my claim

would be worth from \$15,000 to \$25,000. "They may talk as they please about what they call pelf, but I cannot help thinking," said I to myself, "how pleasant it is to have money," and forthwith I began to spend it. In the party were Mr. and Mrs. T. E. Cheatham, Vivian Cheatham, then a toddler, my wife and myself. But I insisted upon paying the bills and in the exuberance of my delight gave a banquet at Hotel Knutsford. This however, is a part of another story and suffice to say that after thorough investigation and some expense I decided to be as good to Uncle Sam as he was to me and give him back his land which isn't worth five dollars an acre, even today.

The old Knutsford is now a department store and the scribe who spent his shekels so freely during that midsummer dream of wealth, has many times found himself afflicted "with that disease which some call lack of money," but after all it was a joyous state of mind and there linger no vain regrets to mar the memory of his days of affluence.

Salt Lake today is different; it has become a metropolis of skyscrapers, great factories, handsome edifices and beautiful homes.

Temple Square is yet the center of interest, but big industries and modern demands, along with Gentile preponderance in population have robbed religion and tradition by giving prominence to rank outsiders where once, in the seats of the mighty, Mormonism was absolute, pre-eminent.

The wonderful tabernacle still attracts tourists by the thousands and on Sunday we attended services there to find practically every one of the ten thousand seats occupied, while a choir of four hundred led the music, supported by the famous organ. (Since then I have read that the organ is being rebuilt and enlarged.) It was an interesting scene and the church dignitaries sat in tiers according to their rank. The speaker for that afternoon had not been announced, but we were greatly pleased when we recognized the hard-chiseled, saturnine countenance of United States Senator Reed Smoot above the black frock of the apostle who rose to deliver the discourse.

Apostle Smoot is undoubtedly a man of rare ability, a deep thinker perhaps, possessed of much information and a fertile brain that enables him to grasp big questions of state, as well as to plan political coups, but if you started out gunning for orators, you would never shoot Smoot. He is monotony itself and with all the inspiration furnished by his theme, Mormonism and its achievements, from the days of Brigham Young to now, he never rose above mediocrity while hundreds slept to avoid boredom. In fact, it seems to be a custom among the Mormons, even as it is among those who worship at other churches, to sleep during the sermon. I heard one fellow say to another as the great crowd was leaving the tabernacle that afternoon, "My! that suit looks like you had slept in it," and the reply was, "Yes, this is the suit I wear to church." I always thought, however, that when people sleep in church, the preacher is to blame. (Since writing the foregoing I have attended the meetings held by Dr. Lincoln McConnell, and am confirmed in my belief, because nobody sleeps while the great Georgia preacher is talking.)

This epilogue is becoming somewhat "loggy". I started off with Irving's observation about folks who cared nothing for the almighty dollar, and then forgot my text. Mr. Irving's remarks could not by the



widest stretch of imagination apply to Salt Lake City, as it is today, no matter what it may have been at one time. They are fond, very fond of mazuma, these latter day Latter Days, and they are not at all conservative in their money-getting methods. They are good spenders themselves and like for others to contribute to the gayety and glad-someness of their happy, progressive, up-to-date, go-the-limit burg. And they show visitors a good time.

We were royally entertained at Hotel Utah, one of America's finest hostelries and every favor, every accommodation was shown us, from the manager down to the bell-boys. It is a delightful place to stay. Our recollections of the Utah will always be recalled with pleasure.

Here we met a number of visitors and some of the leading citizens. Here, our friends, Wesley Young, a grandson of the founder, and Dean Rossiter, called on us and invited us to "toddle all over town" with them; here Officer Frantz found us and introduced us to his colleagues, insuring us safe conduct and the freedom of the city at any hour of the twenty-four.

Christopher had enjoyed his visit to relatives; Parker and Hout were still talking about their great hunt at the Utaida Club, and Clark and the scribe had tired of the elephant steaks, but we were re-united and happy, with but one load on our minds, how to sell the cars to the best advantage and thereby restore financial confidence. We wanted to go home and as old Shake says "They say if money go before, all ways do lie open."

That Saturday following our arrival we inserted ads in two of the Sunday papers, setting forth the fact that we had two good Ford cars for sale, and giving the name of Leslie Hout, with his room number, as the one interested parties should see. At five o'clock Sunday morning the telephone began to ring, and all day long the brass-buttoned bell boys cried "Call for Mr. Hout!" Fully forty people called up about those cars, and a dozen came personally to inquire. We sicked them all upon Hout and he could have sold fifty Fords before noon Sunday if they had been running. (Drop a tear here for Betsey.) About two o'clock Hout got his best offer, but he refused to trade on Sunday. "However," said he "you might leave your check and I will cash it Monday morning bright and early." Which he did, believe me. The check was for \$212.50, just \$12.50 less than the boys had paid for the car in Kansas City, a week before we started on the "hike". Betsey, bruised and broken as she was, lay on a slab at the motor morgue and Dr. Parker says he heard a faint chuckle, followed instantly by a moan from within, when the garage proprietor handed him \$150.00 in gold for the erstwhile roadster. This happened on Monday.

Too late for reservations that evening, we secured tickets to Kansas City for the next night and we spent Tuesday packing up and telling everybody goodbye. We bought our last cigars from Miss Schade, the goddess who presides at the news stand of the Utah, paid the cashier, porters and bell boys, then climbed into the auto-bus with our fellow travelers, bound for Denver. At the station a squad of policemen headed by Officer Frantz, escorted us through the gates, joined in our farewell song and wept tears of joy as we departed. Everybody said they hoped we would come back sometime, and we believe they meant it.

Homeward bound! But we didn't let it worry us a bit. In fact we



were rather glad of it. There were others who were returning home. The train was filled with tourists and in each heart there was the home-longing. Some of them told me next morning that they could hardly sleep during the night, for thinking of getting home again. Others were kept awake for other reasons, doubtless, but the "hikers five" welcomed the opportunity for rest.

One day was spent in Denver, and then came the last lap of the trip to Kansas City, the best town of its size in the world, beside which other western cities are "pikers." It really impressed us so, and the scribe is truly proud that a city of such size, such spirit, such glorious promise has sprung up so near the western borders of Warrensburg. Kansas City is the future great, the hub around which, in time, will revolve the social and commercial activity of the United States, and about the only thing lacking now is a rock road all the way to Warrensburg, for farmers nowadays all like to "see the Fords go by".



It was certainly  
hot when we came to  
Kansas City

It certainly was warm when we arrived in Kansas City and for the first time in five weeks Kewpie Clark perspired freely, but Missouri, hot or cold, God bless her, is after all a land of fair delight with memories deep and tender, with associations and friendships that make for true content and happiness, with men and women whose pursuits, whose industry, whose genuine wholesomeness of character gives impulse an inspiration to all who call Missouri "home," and not since God's sun first warmed the trembling earth into verdant life has it shone upon better folks than those who proudly call themselves "Missourians."

The End.









